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For the Ladies' Magazine.

JACK KETCH.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Not long since, under the sentence of his country's violated laws, a wretch, whose hand had been lifted against his fellow man, and imbrued in his blood, suffered death upon the gallows. Although the execution occurred in my native town, I did not go with the crowd to witness the solemn sacrifice made upon the altar of justice. My taste did not lie in that way.

I was not a little surprised, a day or two afterwards, on calling upon some ladies, at being interrogated on the subject of the execution, with the manifestation of no little interest. More particularly, as it soon appeared that the ladies had witnessed the appalling scene. It had excited their nerves to such a degree, that nothing which did not appertain in some way to the "hanging," possessed for them a particle of interest. In vain did I attempt to get away from the revolting subject. I struggled like a bird tied to a stake, moving in a circle, and ever returning and returning to the same point.

"How I wanted to knock that Jack Ketch off of the scaffold, when he went up and fixed the rope around the poor fellow's neck, with such professional coolness," remarked one of these ladies, during the conversation.

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"Yes, so did I," was the response. "After the drop fell, the wretch had to be protected from the indignation of the crowd by the police. No wonder there should be so instinctive a hatred of the hangman. Debased, indeed, must that man be, who, for hire, will perform such a service!"

"Was there any thing wrong in his acting in simple obedience to the law? Was he any more censurable than the rope, or the beam that sustained the rope?" I asked. "He did not condemn the man to die. He was not the law—but the mere executor of the law, and therefore irresponsible."

"All that may be," was retorted. "But it does not take away the cold, blood-thirsty feeling that must possess the man who can, for the mere sake of money, perform such a service. None but he who would commit murder himself, could be induced to do such an act."

"In your opinion," I could not help saying.

"Yes, in my opinion; and that, I presume, is worth something," was a little warmly replied.

"He'll never come to any good, of course," said another of the ladies. "How could he? A Jack Ketch! Horrible!" And the lady shuddered.

In about a week I called again, hoping that some new and less revolting subject had, by this time, pushed aside the absorbing interest of the execution. But no. The first words, after the compliments of the day, were these:

"Did'nt I say that fellow would come to an evil end?"

"What fellow?" I asked of the speaker, not comprehending her.

"Why, the fellow who acted as Jack Ketch!"

I was thrown all aback. "Oh, yes!" I returned, showing as little distaste as I well could to the subject, out of mere politeness. "Well, what of him?"

"He is dead!"

"Dead! How have you learned that?"

"We have heard it from a true source. He went home that night, and died in horrible agonies. A just punishment of heaven!"

"Why do you call it a just punishment of heaven?" I asked.

"Because the deed was one that heaven cannot look upon with approval. Because the man who puts the rope about the neck of a poor criminal, and launches him off into eternity, must have a heart as hard, and as black as the heart of a demon."

"If the heart of the man you now allude to had been so hard and black, it is not presumable that he would have died from any horrible agonies resulting from the deed he had been called upon to do. Demons, instead of repenting an act of cruelty, delight in its contemplation. So sudden a death, accompanied by agonies of mind, indicates something more than you seem to imagine. Poor wretch! While execrated by the multitude for his agency in a deed as revolting, perhaps, to his soul as to theirs, his own mind has, doubtless, been maddened, as calm reflection came, and showed him the depths of degradation into which he had fallen. As I am inclined to look at the matter, the hangman is much more to be pitied than execrated. He performs one of the most painful and revolting duties that society requires of any of its members."

This sort of reasoning did not, however, appear to have much weight with my gentle friends. Their sympathies were all committed in favor of the criminal who had suffered; and, as poor Jack Ketch had been the instrument in inflicting the horrid death, for him, of course, they had none left. After battling with them for a time, I drew off from the contest, apparently, but not really, silenced.

A short time subsequent to the event which had awakened into so much activity the sympathies of my lady acquaintances, I happened

to learn the history of the individual whom they had execrated so bitterly. It interested me deeply. And, as it affords one of those striking moral lessons so useful to society, I have determined to put it upon record.

The clergyman who attended the criminal in prison and upon the scaffold, was my personal and intimate friend. It was several days after the execution before I met with him. When I did, I found that the whole scene, trying as all such scenes must necessarily be to the minister of the gospel whose duty calls him to a position from which all our natural feelings shrink, had deeply affected his mind. After detailing, with a minuteness that was painful, the conduct of the criminal through the whole terrible scene, he paused, and remained silent for some time, breathing heavily all the while. At length he said,—

"But I witnessed another scene on that same day that touched my feelings with acuter anguish. You remember Fennel, who, a few years ago, was a merchant of wealth and standing in our city?"

I replied that I knew nothing of the person to whom he alluded, except that I remembered to have seen his sign up many years before.

The history of that man and his family, resumed the clergyman, is an affecting one. They were members of my church, and this relation brought me into intimate contact with them. Mr. Fennel was a man of great probity. I have rarely met any one immersed in business, and tempted as all business men necessarily are, whose sense of honor and honesty was so acute as his. He never was known to take any advantage in bargaining—a mercantile virtue of too rare occurrence. The manly, generous tone of his character, was proverbial. His word was as good security as his bond.

Not less admired in her own sphere of action, was his accomplished wife. Amiable, intelligent, yet strong minded, her character presented that combination of qualities that causes us to love as well as revere their possessor. It was, to me, always a pleasure of no ordinary kind to spend an hour in her company. The sphere of her mind's quality surrounded her as the sphere of the quality of a rose, in its odor, surrounds that flower, and I never approached her that I was not penetrated and affected by this sphere. It was felt in a peculiar elevation of thought and feeling. Well might it be said of her,—

"None knew her but to love her—
Or named her but to praise."

Mr. and Mrs. Fennel had two children,

daughters. At the time to which I am now referring, the oldest was about eight years of age, and the youngest six. A younger child, a son, had died about a year before. This loss had been felt acutely, and had thrown over Mrs. Fennel's character a shade of thoughtfulness that, sometimes, deepened into sadness. Instead of finding this pensive tone of mind wearing off as time passed on, I was pained to perceive that it increased. It was not a rare occurrence for me, on visiting her, to find the traces of tears upon her cheek. For a time, I was under the impression that all this was occasioned by the loss of her child. But its long continuance, and increase, rather than diminution, led me to fear that there was for it a deeper cause. What that cause was, I could not imagine.

One afternoon I called in, and found Mr. and Mrs. Fennel alone in the parlor. They received me with unusual reserve, and in an embarrassed manner. The eyes of the latter were swimming in tears. I sat for half an hour, during which all of us exerted ourselves to converse, but there was no freedom of intercourse. I went away at the end of that period, perplexed and much troubled. I saw that there was a cause deeper, and more active, than the loss of a child a year before, operating in their minds. What could this be?

On the next Sabbath they were at church as usual, with their children. Mr. Fennel looked graver than common—at least I thought so. There was no mistaking, however, the meaning of his wife's countenance. That was sad, very sad. What could be the reason? I felt so acutely this change, that I was oppressed during the service. Guard myself as I would, ever and anon I found myself looking too steadily upon the pensive face of Mrs. Fennel, as she sat leaning forward, her head resting upon her hand, and her earnest eyes fixed upon her minister, as if seeking consolation and hope from heaven through him.

All this was a mystery to me—a painful mystery. So sudden a change in that quarter, I could not account for in any way. This was about mid-summer. During the next week, they left town for the springs, and remained away from the city for a month. I looked for their return with a good deal of anxiety. One Sunday morning, they, unexpectedly to me, came into church, and took their accustomed place. I had not been apprised of their having left the springs. I saw them enter, and come up the aisle, but as Mrs. Fennel was behind her husband, I could not get a view of her face until she was seated in the pew. As she did this, and looked up, I almost started

at the change that a single month had wrought in her usually placid face. For a little while, I could hardly believe that it was indeed my much esteemed and valued friend and parishioner. There was an anxious, care-worn look about her, with a dreaminess that told of some internal source of trouble that prayed deeply upon her mind. As for her husband, he too was changed. But I could not define to myself the character of that change, nor draw any inferences from it. Its predominant trait was coldness, that bordered on to something stern. I noticed that the husband and wife did not sit in their pew just in the order that had formerly been regularly observed. Their two daughters had always entered first, so that Mr. and Mrs. Fennel could sit side by side and use the same book. This time the wife sat at one extremity of the pew, and her husband at the other—the daughters were, of course, in the middle.

I was more than ever perplexed and troubled. On the next morning I called in to see Mrs. Fennel. She was glad to meet me, and made, as I could see, a strong effort to appear cheerful. But this was impossible. That which weighed upon her spirits, be it what it might, pressed too heavily. I felt anxious to know what had wrought so sudden a change in her, that I might offer those consolations of religion peculiarly suited to her case. But she did not seem inclined to confide any thing to me, although I endeavored to open the way for her. This only increased the solicitude I felt.

A week after I met her in company, with her husband. Over both had passed a pleasing change. She was cheerful, even animated, and threw around her that inexpressible charm that delighted every one. Mr. Fennel was not quite so much his former self as was his wife. Still, no one would have remarked the shade of difference but one whose attention, like mine, had been particularly called to it. On the next Sabbath, their old relative positions were resumed. Mrs. Fennel looked like herself again. I could see that as she sat while I read, or stood while the congregation sung, that her body was slightly inclined towards her husband.

Evidently, such was my conclusion, there had existed some cause of coldness between them, that had been put away. It was painful, however, to think, that between such a man as Mr. Fennel, and such a woman as his wife, any cause of coldness could exist.

Nothing occurred to draw my thoughts more than usually towards them for several months, when, to my great grief, I saw Mrs. Fennel enter the church one Sabbath morning, accom-

panied only by her two children. Her countenance was anxious and even haggard. She seated herself far back in the pew, and sat throughout the whole service, the most part of the time with her eyes upon the floor, and her hand shading her face. I called upon her on the day following. No change had taken place in her appearance. Her face was pale and anxious.

"My dear Madam," I said, as I took her hand. "I am grieved to find that, from some cause or other, a shadow has fallen upon your heart. Is it in my power to offer you words of comfort?"

Her lip quivered a moment. But self-control was soon acquired.

"There are causes of pain," she replied, calmly, "that you can reach. Wounds for which you have a healing balm. But the trouble that oppresses me I cannot utter—no mere human agency can minister to it. I can only look up in the silence of my own heart, and pray for the sufferer's portion—patience and resignation."

There was a solemn earnestness about Mrs. Fennel that deeply impressed me. I knew not what to reply. For a time I remained silent. Then I said—

"You do well to look up for strength, to Him from whom, alone, all strength can come. He will hide you in the cleft of the rock, and keep you under the shadow of his wings. Pour out your soul to him, and he will regard your prayer, and send you the healing balm of consolation."

She did not reply, and I could only—to break the embarrassing silence that followed, more than with the hope of saying any thing that would minister to her mysterious grief of mind—repeat to her various encouraging passages from the Bible, to which she listened with meek attention.

This interview perplexed me greatly. It was evident to my mind that there was a coldness between herself and husband. But the cause of that coldness I could not imagine. On the next Sabbath, Mr. Fennel came to church. But I noticed that his wife did not sit by his side. I saw her face but a few times during the services. It was anxious and troubled.

Months passed, and the mystery was yet unraveled. I conversed with several of my parishioners on the subject. All had noticed the change—but of its cause, they were ignorant. Many conjectures were ventured. Some more suspicious, or less guarded than the rest, suggested reasons that my mind could not entertain for a moment. Of the real cause, I had not the most remote suspicion until

about a year after I had first noticed the depression of Mrs. Fennel's spirits, and ascertained that it did not arise from the bereavement she had months before been called upon to suffer. During that time, there had been periods, when the cloud had lifted itself up, and the sun had looked down with some of his brightest smiles. But these periods were not of long duration. A deeper obscuration of light always succeeded.

A large party had been given by a wealthy parishioner, and I attended it. Mr. and Mrs. Fennel were there. The latter appeared quite cheerful. I sat by her side, and conversed with her for some time, charmed, as I had often been before by the pure beauty of her sentiments, that flowed forth in language that of itself delighted the ear. Mr. Fennel was rather graver and thoughtful. Something evidently weighed upon his mind. During the progress of the evening, however, he became cheerful, and seemed to enter the social pleasures that surrounded him, with a lively satisfaction. It did not escape my notice, that the eye of his wife was frequently turned towards him, and with a look of anxiety. The meaning of that look I could not understand. As the evening progressed, and wine had been once or twice handed round, I noticed that Mr. Fennel's manner changed more and more, until, from the grave reserve that had, at first distinguished him, he became more talkative than I had ever before seen him.

A new suspicion glanced through my mind, half corroborated by an expression of strange meaning on the face of his wife, as I noticed her with her eye fixed upon him. There was a sideboard covered with liquors and refreshments in an adjoining room. To this, I now remembered that I had seen him go two or three times already. While pondering the matter over in my mind, I observed him pass out with two or three of his mercantile friends. My curiosity led me to follow. He was at the sideboard again.

I went back into the parlor. Mrs. Fennel looked troubled. I sat down by her side and entered into conversation with her. But there was little life in it. Her thoughts were wandering. Five minutes elapsed, and her husband re-appeared. He was talking in rather a loud voice, to one of his friends, and seemed quite animated. In less than a quarter of an hour, I missed him from the room again. Shortly after, I saw him on the floor dancing with all the activity of a young man of twenty-five.

So great a change as had taken place in him during the evening I at once saw could only

be accounted for on the presumption, that he had been drinking too freely. The troubled expression of Mrs. Fennel's countenance, as her eyes sought, every now and then, the form of her husband, confirmed my already too well strengthened conclusions.

"I don't like to see that," remarked an elderly lady, who happened to be seated near me, as her own eye rested upon Mr. Fennel, moving lightly through the cotillion.

"Don't like what?" I asked.

"Don't like to see Mr. Fennel quite so gay as he is to-night," was her reply.

"This is a festive occasion," I replied, wishing to draw her out—"You would not have him continue as sober as he was for the first hour after he came in."

The old lady looked at me a moment enquiringly, and then said—

"I suppose it is hardly necessary to tell you, that he is not himself just at this moment."

"Do you think he has been taking wine too freely?" I asked.

"I am sorry to say that I do," was the reply. "Have you not noticed a great change in Mrs. Fennel in the past year?"

I replied that I had.

"And have you not known the reason?" she added.

"No," I returned. "The great change in her has been to me a painful mystery. Not once until this evening, have I had a suspicion of what I now presume to be the real cause."

"I have known it for many months past," she said. "And it has grieved me deeply. Its effects upon his wife are painful in the extreme. I think I have never known any one who has changed as much as she has changed in so short a time."

"But, surely," I said, "Mr. Fennel cannot have become so much enslaved, already, as to have lost the power of self control. He is a man of strong mind. A distinct consciousness of danger must be all that is necessary to prompt him to place himself beyond the reach of that danger at once and forever."

"I have thought so. And have more than once resolved to speak to you upon the subject, and declare my conviction that you are the one who can best and most effectually perform the duty of warning him."

"Me?" I said, in surprise.

"Yes, you," was the firm answer. "As his minister, you can venture upon ground with him, that no other man dare tread. He may listen to you in a matter that would cause him to spurn interference in any other quarter with indignation. It is then, it seems to me,

clearly your duty to go to him alone and remonstrate in the most solemn manner against his present course. You may save him."

This unequivocal declaration as to my duty, choked me up. My natural feelings shrunk away from the performance of such a task with instinctive reluctance.

"I will see you to-morrow, and have a fuller and freer conversation with you about this matter," I said.

On the next day I called upon this lady, and conferred with her more seriously. I learned that Mr. Fennel had been, within the last six months, several times so much intoxicated as to be obliged to go to bed. And that his daily indulgence in drinking, was uniformly carried to excess. This she had learned from undoubted sources.

The whole truth, when I became fully conscious of it, stunned me. The more I reflected on the sad condition into which his appetite, too freely indulged, had brought him, the more distinctly conscious was I, that I had a duty to perform towards him and his family, painful as it might be to my feelings, from which I dared not shrink. To the immediate performance of this duty, I was strongly urged by the individual who had first apprised me of the extent of Mr. Fennel's dereliction. Reluctantly I prepared to obey the prompting voice which would not let me be at peace.

It took me some time to decide when and how, and where I should begin. The settlement of these preliminaries were longer delayed than they would have been, if I had felt the slightest affection for the duty I was called upon to perform. But I shrunk away, and made excuses for putting off the painful task. At length conscience smote me so hard that I was compelled to go forward in the only path that lay before me.

It was nearly two weeks from the time when I became apprised of Mr. Fennel's derelictions, before a sense of my obligations as a minister to him and to his family, drove me into the way of duty. Even then, I should not have gone forward, if I had not chanced to meet him in the street so much under the influence of liquor as not to know me. On the day succeeding this, I called, under a feeling of oppressive reluctance, at his store, and asked the favor of a private interview at his house or mine, whenever it would be most convenient for him.

"We will be perfectly alone here," he said, closing the door of his counting-room that communicated with the store. "If you have any thing particular to say to me, I am entirely at your service."

There was, now, no way of escape. The duty which I had continued to look at as in the future, suddenly became a present duty. It was some moments before I could collect my thoughts, during which time the merchant looked at me steadily and enquiringly. At length, with an embarrassed manner, I began—

"Mr. Fennel I have come to you, urged by the high obligations of my sacred calling, to perform a very painful duty,—nothing less than to admonish you, as one of my parishioners."

"To admonish me!" the merchant replied, looking into my face with surprise.

"Yes sir—that, as I have said, has become my painful duty."

"Speak out then, fully and freely." As Mr. Fennel said this, he compressed his lips, and fixed his eyes upon me with a sort of stern defiance. I felt choked up. But there was no retreat.

"I am afraid, sir," I said, coming at once to the point, "that you have, unwittingly, fallen into the habit of indulging too freely in wine."

I paused, for the face of the merchant became instantly pale. Before I had time to proceed, he replied in a quick, half-angry voice—

"Mr. —, I permit no one, not even my minister, the liberty you are now presuming upon. I am responsible to no man for my conduct; and cannot, therefore, suffer any man to take me to task. If that is the subject of your interview with me, I beg that it be instantly concluded."

I attempted to remonstrate, and thus soften him down, but he was firm: and threw me off with even more decided language. When I left him, it was with painful and gloomy feelings. Most reluctantly had I gone forward at the imperious call of duty, to meet a stern repulse.

On the next Sabbath he did not come to church. Mrs. Fennel had a care-worn look. She sat, through most of the service, with her eyes upon the floor. My heart ached for her. But I could do nothing to ward off the danger that threatened utterly to destroy her peace. From that time forth, her husband came but rarely into the house of God. His too excessive indulgence in drinking soon became known to all.

Thus matters went on for two or three years, during which time the deep distress of Mrs. Fennel urged me to repeated remonstrances; but all to no purpose. I was, at each attempt, repulsed with anger.

At last I was startled by the intelligence that he had failed in business. Long before

this, the unhappy wife had unburdened to me her whole heart. I could, therefore, call upon her at once, and as a friend into whose ear she could pour out all her feelings. I found her in deep distress, as I had expected. The extent of the disaster that had befallen her husband's business she did not know. For months Mr. Fennel had maintained towards her a strict reserve. As well as I could, I strove to encourage her.

"This disaster, I trust, will awaken him to a distinct consciousness of his true condition. It will cause him to feel the absolute necessity of preserving a well balanced mind in order to recover himself and regain the business position he has lost."

"I hope it may be so," she replied, despondingly. "But I fear a different result. Trouble of mind, too often drives men who are at all given to drinking, into greater indulgence. The apprehension of this, distresses me deeply. If it would cause him to reform the course of life he has pursued for some time past, I could say, cheerfully, come reverses, and welcome them as my friends."

"Let us hope for the best, my dear madam," I said. All events are in the hands of a wise and good Providence, who, out of seeming evil, is ever educating good. He never visits us with the loss of earthly blessings, such as wealth, or friends, that the end is not to bestow upon us some higher and purer gifts. Look up for them. One of them, perchance, may be the full restoration of your husband to his right mind."

"God grant it!" she ejaculated, fervently, lifting her eyes upward, as she spoke.

"Amen!" was my heart-felt response.

Our earnest hope proved fallacious. The settlement of his affairs left him without a dollar in the world. His beautiful residence, with all its rich and tasteful furniture, was sold under the hammer, and himself and family thrown upon the world. Instead of rousing up, and going through the trial like a man, he was more than half intoxicated during the whole period that elapsed from the time his paper was dishonored, until his creditors released him from all obligations, and turned him penniless out of house and home.

With a scanty portion of furniture, all that remained of past luxurious elegance, Mrs. Fennel retired with her two daughters, into a small house which her husband had rented, in an obscure neighborhood. He procured employment as a collector of moneys for a large estate, from which he had an income of nearly a thousand dollars. If he had then only abandoned at once and forever the use of wine and

strong liquors, he would soon have risen again; for he had great force of character, activity, and a thorough knowledge of business. "If Fennel would only quit drinking," said a merchant to me who was engaged largely in trade, "I would give him an interest in my business to-morrow. He could increase the profits ten thousand dollars in the first year."

But the accursed appetite of the drunkard had been formed, and it proved an overmastering temptation. A few days after the afflicted family had removed to their new abode, I called in to see them. Mr. Fennel was not at home. I found the change indeed a sad one. From a large, elegantly furnished mansion, replete with every thing that a refined and luxurious taste could desire, the mother and her two daughters, young girls ten and twelve years of age, now occupied a small house, poorly built and greatly out of repair, in which, to them, there was scarcely a single convenience. The scanty remnant of their rich furniture formed an unsightly contrast with the dark, coarse, soiled paper on the walls, and the wooden mantle pieces, window sills and wash boards from which the paint had long since been worn. As I took the hand of Mrs. Fennel, she burst into tears, and wept bitterly for some time.

"It is, indeed, a sad change," I said.

"I could bear all this change with patient resignation," she replied, after she had gained control over her feelings, "if he were only as he once was. If he came in and went out with the calm, pure, well-balanced mind he once possessed.—But, alas! I fear this will never be. Daily he seems to sink lower and lower. I can scarcely believe at times, that I am not in the midst of a frightful dream."

She paused, for, at that moment Annetta, her eldest daughter came in. My feelings were touched as I looked into the innocent face of the child, over which was cast a shade of unnatural grief. The young and pure hearted should be happy. It is the dower of innocence. Sad, sad, indeed it is to see them robbed of this precious dower! She came up to me, and took my offered hand, with downcast eyes; and then shrunk close to the side of her mother. I did not speak to her, for I could not. Words, I felt, would be but an empty mockery. In a little while after, her sister Marion came in also, and after taking my hand in silence, like her sought her mother's side. It was long, very long, before the picture of that grief-touched mother and her two children nestling closely to her side, was effaced from my imagination. As for me,

I was choked up. What could I say? For a little while I sat in embarrassed silence, and then, feeling the insufficiency of all mere human efforts to mingle in this cup of affliction even a single drop of peace, I said—

"Let us pray."

He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb—He who loveth his children with unutterable tenderness—gave, I trust, to the afflicted mother and her children, while I lifted up to Him my earnest supplications, strength to bear their hard lot. This I know—when I pressed the hand of Mrs. Fennel at parting, her face wore a serener aspect than when I came in—but the serenity was derived from a resolution to bear her affliction as sent from Him who loveth whom he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth,—and this derivation was painfully apparent.

From this time the downward career of Mr. Fennel was steady and rapid. For two or three years, while he retained his position as collector, he supplied, scantily, the wants of his family. But constant and free indulgence of his appetite during that period, gradually increased that appetite, until he became really unfit to attend to business, and was removed from his place.

Now came severer trials for his family. No employment offering, the duty of procuring the means of subsistence at once devolved upon Mrs. Fennel, and Annetta now fifteen years of age. During the rapid decadency of Mr. Fennel, the mother had devoted many hours of each day to the instruction of her two daughters. Well educated and accomplished herself, she was able to do this with success. Annetta had shown from early years a talent for music, which, looking forward, as she well might, to the time when she would be thrown upon her own resources for a support, Mrs. Fennel had led her, since their removal, to cultivate with steady assiduity. At the age of fifteen, she was, therefore, far in advance of most young ladies, and, indeed, able to give lessons in the art. Family afflictions always have the effect to develop early the characters of children, and to give them thoughts, resolution, and decision beyond their years. They had this effect upon Annetta. While her mother was in sad doubt as to what she would now do, after her husband's loss of his situation, and even before any settled plan of action was fixed, Annetta said to her—

"I believe, mother, that I could give lessons in music."

Mrs. Fennel looked at her child, her mind half bewildered, for some moments, really

unable to think with sufficient directness of thought, to decide what reply to make. Annetta continued.

"Father has nothing to do now, and perhaps will not get any thing to do for some time. We shall have to support ourselves. I am sure that I could give lessons in music, at least to young scholars, and, if you are willing, I will go to Mrs. Whitmore, who will do any thing she can for us, and ask her to try and get me some scholars."

Reluctantly Mrs. Fennel consented that her generous, noble minded child, should make the effort she proposed; should go out at her tender age, and enter the world in contention for a living with the great onward struggling mass. She was successful as she deserved. In a little while, several who knew her, and could esteem and love her for her purity of character, engaged her to give lessons in their families, at regular hours. This brought in a slender income—far less than was required for the support of the family. To add to this, the mother took in sewing, and devoted many hours of each day closely to her needle, while the youngest daughter attended to the household. But with all this, they were able to do little more than provide food and clothing. Rent could not be paid.

My visits as clergyman were regular to this afflicted family. Sometimes I met Mr. Fennel. But he invariably left the house as soon as I came in. Several times I tried to converse with him. But he turned a deaf ear. About six months after the loss of his situation, I called in. There was a change in the appearance of the little parlor, that at first I could not make out. Something was wanting. What could it be? Ah! The exquisitely toned instrument, which had been spared them by the creditors, was gone. Annetta's piano was not in its wonted place! I understood in a moment the meaning of this. It had been sold! Rent day had come round, and there was nothing to satisfy the landlord.

My heart ached, as it is too often made to ache over human distresses, as I turned away from my parishioners' humble abode. They had not yet gotten to the base of the declivity. Their feet were not yet upon solid ground.

"How much lower are they doomed to sink?" I said, half aloud, as I walked slowly away, with my eyes upon the pavement.

Alas! I dreamed not of the bitter dregs that lay at the bottom of the cup they were drinking.

One morning about six months from that time, a domestic entered my study, and informed me that a lady was in the parlor, and

wished to see me. It was Mrs. Fennel. When I met her, I found her in tears, and much agitated.

"Is any thing serious the matter?" I asked, with much concern.

"O yes," she said, "Last evening Mr. Fennel did not come home. We set up all night for him, in much alarm. Daylight came, and he was still away. I then went out to look for him, and soon learned the distressing news that he had been sent to jail by a man who had trusted him for liquor, until he had a bill of thirty dollars against him. I saw the man and plead with him to release him—but he peremptorily refused, adding gross insult to his refusal."

I knew not what reply to make to this. The first thought I had, was, that this imprisonment might be productive of good. Its tendency might be to restore him to his senses. One, two, three, or four months' of confinement, with his mind unexcited and unobscured by inebriation, would afford time for calm and serious reflection. But I saw, that his wife was not prepared to take this view of the subject; and I hesitated to present it for her consideration. When I did, she could not bear it.

"Oh, no, no," she said, the tears gushing from her eyes, "he cannot, he must not lie in jail. My husband in jail for debt! Oh, no. It must not be!"

It was to no purpose that I urged the use to him of this incarceration. Her woman's heart could not endure the idea. Reluctantly, and against my better judgment, I offered, at length, to see a few of his old friends and obtain, through them, his release. I found no difficulty in doing this. The sum to be raised was but a small one. I took it myself to the magistrate who had committed him, paid the debt, and obtained an order for his release. With this in my pocket, I went to the jail. The appearance of Mr. Fennel affected me a good deal. He was deeply humbled. When the keeper told him that he was free to return to his family, he covered his face with his hands, and stood, for a moment or two, overcome with emotion. I hardly knew what to say to him, or where to begin. To endeavor to deepen and make permanent the impression for good now made, was my duty. In every previous attempt at exhortation, I had been sternly repulsed. It might be so again. But there was only one way before me, and rough, and thorny, and full of difficulties though it might be, I could do no less than walk in it. The iron door was swung open by the jailor, and Fennel walked forth a free man. I was by his side, and, as he came out, moved on in

silence, searching in my thoughts for some form of words by which I might most safely address him. While yet in doubt, he broke the embarrassing reserve, by saying, with much feeling,

"It seems to me as if I had been spell bound by some evil power, for the last few years. I have been in a horrible state, Mr. ——. But I have this day resolved, that if I possess the power, I will burst at once and for ever the bonds by which I have been so long held. I go home to my much enduring, much abused family. How shall I meet them? How can I look in the face my patient, long suffering wife, and my neglected, abused children? My heart fails me when I think of doing so."

I encouraged him in the best way I could, and by many varied precepts and illustrations, endeavored to give to his mind some basis for his incipient and hastily formed resolutions to rest upon. He listened with fixed attention, and then assured me, again and again, that he was resolved to enter at once upon a course of reformation. I promised all the assistance that it was in my power to give him.

The scene, when we reached his home, affected me to tears. I entered with him and said, smiling, as I advanced by his side towards Mrs. Fennel, who had started to her feet glad, but irresolute—

"Receive back your husband, again free, I trust, in mind as well as body!"

"Yes, free in both senses!" was his emphatic response. "From this hour I am resolved to be as I once was. To have a sound mind in a sound body."

For a brief period Mrs. Fennel seemed bewildered. But she quickly understood the words, and tone, and manner of her husband.

"God be thanked!" she ejaculated, and then springing forward, drew her arms about his neck and laying her head upon his bosom, sobbed aloud.

When I left them, it was with a lively hope. I looked forward with pleased anticipation to future days of peace, prosperity and happiness, for this long tried, much enduring family. Alas! The sun that shone out with sudden brightness, was soon buried again in thick clouds. For a few days Mr. Fennel remained sober, and during that time obtained employment. But, in a week the morbid appetite which long indulgence in drink had created, proved too strong for him. He again fell, and into a lower depth.

I will not pain and disgust you with a minute detail of the gradations through which he passed in his still further descent—nor with the too vivid pictures which I could pre-

sent of his family's exquisite sufferings during a period of two more years. One scene more, and that to which all else I have related has only led me, I will relate. Twice he was cast into prison for debt, and as often released by my efforts, stimulated by the urgent importunities of his wife. Again a liquor seller who, in spite of repeated remonstrances, continued to trust him, had him committed to jail, under the confident hope that some of his old friends, as they had done before through my intercession, would pay off the paltry debt. But this time he was mistaken. I steadily refused to yield to Mrs. Fennel's tears and entreaties, once more to procure his liberation. He had been in jail about two weeks, at the time the execution alluded to took place.

On the evening succeeding that horrible tragedy, I remarked that I had not seen Mrs. Fennel for several days. She had left my house, at our last interview, when I had positively declined to make any effort to procure her husband's liberation, the image of sorrow. Nothing but the all-absorbing duty I had to perform, in attending the culprit, soon to expiate his crime on the gallows, could have driven that image from my mind. It returned again, vividly, when that solemn duty was done. The feelings it produced, determined me at once to go and see her.

I found Mrs. Fennel deeply depressed. Annetta, and her sister, were sad and gloomy. I had spoken only a few words, when the street door was opened quietly. We listened. The sound of well known footsteps was heard along the passage. Fennel himself, in the next moment stood before us. His appearance was frightful. His complexion, naturally ruddy, was now of a pale sickly hue; his eyes almost protruding from his head, and his lips, wan as his cheek, drawn tightly across his teeth. Mrs. Fennel sprang to her feet as he entered; but he did not seem to notice her, and seated himself slowly and mournfully in a chair. To the eager questions put to him, he made no reply, but muttered in a low, alarmed tone, something which we could not at first understand. Every now and then he would start back and shudder, and shrink as from the effort of some invisible thing to get hold of him. Annetta burst into tears and wept violently, while her sister covered her face with her hands, and turned away from the dreadful sight. With my assistance, Mrs. Fennel got him upon the bed, and at last soothed him into something like rationality. The first word that indicated any thing like returning reason, was his eager exclamation to his wife, of "Oh, is it you!" and his clinging to her arm like one

awakened from a terrible nightmare. Gradually he became composed, and there was a calmness and intelligence of manner about him, such as I had not observed for a long time. But on his countenance sat an unearthly expression; and when he called his wife and children around him and told them in mournful tones that he was about to die, I felt the truth of his situation. As we all stood by his side, the poor man raised himself up, and spoke his last words, the import of which I can never forget. Upon the hearts of those neglected ones who wept beside him, they must have been graven as with a pen of iron. Oh how my heart bled for them.

"Let me lean on you, for I feel myself growing very weak, and I must say something before I die"—began the poor creature, looking up into his wife's face, and leaning his head back upon her. "You have been a good wife to me—too good, and I have repaid you sadly for your devotion. And you, my dear child, Annetta, give me your hand—how poor it is!—your father has not cared for you as he should have cared for you, yet he always loved the sight of your sweet, patient face, though he felt so guilty in your presence that he could not speak to you familiarly and pleasantly, and was often rough and apparently unkind to stifle feelings of mortification that came over him when he looked upon the child he had so terribly wronged. And Marion too; can you forgive the father who has broken your young spirits, and made your lot hard to be borne? I would not offer excuse for my dreadful conduct, but I must say, that the conflicts and agonies of mind I have endured from time to time have been awful. There have been many moments in which it seemed that reason must desert its throne—but old habits and confirmed appetites have overmastered my resolutions, and I have gone on and on, ever intending to stop some where, until I have come now to the final hour of my life, and my last days have been worst of all."

"Oh, father—dear father! say no more about it—you will break my heart if you talk so," said Annetta, with the tears rolling in great drops down her pale cheeks.

"Bless you my good child for those kind words! It is long, long since I have heard you say 'dear father.' But I have that to tell which I must utter, though I would fain spare you all a keener anguish than you now feel. I have been almost forced, through my degradation, to do an act that has broken my heart. I knew not that old feelings would have come back upon me so overwhelmingly—I had begun to think myself callous to all emotion;

but the current was checked, not altogether dried up. You all know that I have been confined in jail for two weeks; but you know not how I have been liberated."

Here the poor man shuddered, and covering his face with his hands, wept bitterly as a child. After a few moments he recovered himself—and continued:—

"There seemed no chance of my speedy liberation, as the hard hearted man who had put me in jail, seemed determined to spend in my confinement, through anger, as much money as I owed him. The first three days of my confinement, as I was allowed no liquor, came very near driving me mad. Oh! I cannot describe the intolerable thirst I endured through three sleepless nights and days. You came to see me, but you knew nothing of my sufferings. I begged the keeper, I begged you for liquor, but it was denied me, while I endured what seemed a hell of torments. I wonder that I survived the struggle—hundreds have died in it. A little laudanum which I succeeded in procuring, probably saved me from a terrible death. It stimulated me just sufficient to keep off *delirium tremens*, and saved me from death in that awful state in which the drunkard dies. But nature had been exhausted and could not rally, and I awoke at once to the fearful condition in which I was placed. Unless I could get out and get to my home I feared that hope was gone. Here I fondly thought I might be mended up a little, through your kind ministrations. The fatal cup, I was enabled in firm resolution to renounce, though I felt that it was death almost to do so. My purpose was fixed to retrace, as far as power was given, my former steps, and if I perished in my resolution, I would perish. Only one way was offered me of escape, and such a way! The Sheriff proposed to pay my debt if I would relieve him from the hangman's duty. I could have spurned him to the earth when he first made the proposition, but hope of deliverance being almost gone, and finding myself sinking fast, I at length reluctantly consented. For three days before the execution, I neither eat nor slept. My food I could not swallow, and I sought the sweet oblivion of sleep in vain. This morning, I nerved myself for the dreadful task, conscious that I was doing my last work on earth—I did shrink for a moment, but the thought of liberty was sweet, and I wanted to die at home—even though I had brought there sorrow and desolation. In the final arrangements I adjusted the rope, and placed with a steady hand the fatal knot beneath the victim's ear, while he, poor wretch, shook with a worse than mortal agony.

When I drew the cap over his eyes, and shut out from him for ever the light of the sun, I felt as if I was myself suffocating; but I shrunk not from my fearful task, and when the moment had come, knocked away the fatal prop that had supported the slender plank upon which rested the criminal's feet. Poor wretch! he surely did not suffer more than his executioner. How bitterly did I repent me of what I had done, when I saw his dreadful struggles in the air! But I had finished my work, and hastening back to the prison, threw off my disguise, and in a few moments was breathing the air as a freeman. From that time until a few minutes since I have been utterly unconscious of existence. Where I have been I know not, but I am here now, and I feel that it is to die."

The poor wretch then sunk back upon his pillow with a deep groan. His words were prophetic. Death had indeed marked him for his victim. Nature could no longer endure the shocks she had been compelled to sustain. An hour after, and we stood around the bed

upon which lay the mortal wreck of one who had been a bright and shining light in society for a time—but whose light, alas! had long before grown dim.

The next time I called upon my lady friends, who had been so bitter in their invectives against poor Jack Ketch, I related my friend the clergyman's story. They knew him well, and also the family to which his story related. The current of their sympathies receding, turned into a new channel. I ventured to read them a little homily on appearances and realities, which they bore quite patiently, and then proposed some action for the relief of Mrs. Fennel and her family, in which I encouraged them. These kind intentions, I am happy to say, did not remain unproductive in their minds. Mrs. Fennel and her two daughters were soon after placed in a situation much more suited to their tastes and feelings, and are now supporting themselves comfortably, surrounded by many kind and congenial friends.

THE WEARY CRUSADER.

BY MISS EUGENE D. ST. HUBERT.

Away, away with the plume and crest,
Away with the glittering spear;
And bear me back to my beautiful west,
For I'm way-worn and perishing here.
O take from my bosom this vest of steel,
From my wrist these brazen bands;
And my shrunken flesh once more let me feel,
With my shrivelled and sunburnt hands.

Away, away with the warrior's fame,
Away with his false hopes now;
I have labored for glory and gained me a name,
But the cold earth pillows my brow.
I forsook the green hills of my own bright land,
And vales all blooming and fair;
I have passed o'er the sea, and the desert sand,
And here I must die in despair.

Away, away with the gilded star!
Away with the lance I have borne!
To gaze on the home of my heart afar,
I'd give the bright honors I've worn.
Of what now availeth my tears and toil?
And the blood that my hands have shed?
The bones of my comrades cover the soil,
And the Turk stalks over the dead.

Away, away with the shout that rung,—
"We swear in the name of God,
That we'll hang the cross where the crescent hung,
Though its staff should be stained with blood!"
Henceforth wave the cross o'er the Christian land;
Let the crescent o'er this be unfurled,
Till the banner of God, in his own right hand,
Shall be waved o'er a wondering world.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

LEGENDS OF OLD HOUSES.

SUNDORNE CASTLE.

BY J. F. OTIS.

CHAPTER I.

IN one of the western counties of England, stood the very ancient castle of Sundorne, in which the old baronial, staid and generous hospitality, were still maintained by its noble proprietor, who had little of aristocratic prejudice, and much inclination to do good to his fellow man. He considered himself the head of his people, as his fathers had done before him, but it was in the kind relation of a parent, not in that of a feudal lord. In a large hamlet that lay under the walls of the castle lived the immediate dependants of the family; a mile or two distant, were some pretty cottages where aged persons were allowed to live on low rents, and the unfortunate who had, as it is termed, seen better days, found a quiet refuge where the means of living were easy, and where there were few to remind them of their descent in life. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer, who, sickened by the fraud and chicanery to be found in mercantile pursuits, in which they had lost a large fortune, retired hither to educate their young family, and live in peace on a very limited income.

Lord Sundorne was not slow in perceiving that the Aylmers' garden was cultivated with much taste and assiduity; that they were fine musicians, and that an easel generally stood by a shaded window. He drew the inference that these were very superior people to the fox-hunting, hard-drinking squires, or their dashing wives and daughters by whom he was surrounded, and with whom, to his great annoyance, Lady Sundorne and himself were sometimes compelled to mix. It was easy to induce such persons to throw off reserve; they did not look up with awe to title or station, but they were soon ready to acknowledge the worth and generosity in their noble neighbors. The benefits to be obtained were reciprocal. Lord Sundorne was delighted to find rational people for companions. Mrs. Aylmer was never weary of admiring the exterior and interior of the castle, a beautiful specimen of the true fortress, with its lines of

circumvallation, moat and drawbridge, all in perfect repair; and the noble library was a valuable auxiliary to Mr. Aylmer in his studies, now pursued with more ardor than ever, in consideration of the important task which devolved on him with his sons. Lord Sundorne had two sons, also generally at college, but when they were at home he found the advantage of bringing them in collision with a man of Mr. Aylmer's extensive reading, correct taste, and liberal views of active life.

But it was with Mrs. Aylmer that Lord and Lady Sundorne most truly enjoyed companionship. She was highly gifted, and had just that slight dash of romance in thought and feeling that is always interesting. She was an enthusiast in art, and knew the full virtue of the treasures in Sundorne Castle, which they, though not ignorant in that respect, could not appreciate as she did.

Soon after the commencement of this intimacy, Mr. Aylmer was attacked with serious illness, and now it was seen that amusement was not the only object with these noble friends. Every attention that the most delicate generosity could suggest, was lavished on the grateful invalid, and a closer friendship was cemented between the families, though widely differing in the more serious traits of character. The Aylmers were superior in their intellectual attainments; they thought and lived in the consciousness of a higher state of existence, in store for them when the turmoil of this world shall cease. The Sundornes were just what their forefathers had been; kept a chaplain who lived at a distance—went to church—sometimes, held all old institutions good, even Sunday sports; yet scrupulously practised a lofty integrity, on which Lord Sundorne prided himself more than on his unstained nobility through a long line of ancestry.

A few weeks reversed the situation of the families. Mr. Aylmer recovered, and was obliged to take a journey to the south of the kingdom. Lord Sundorne was seized with a painful, though not serious sickness, and was

for three weeks confined to his bed-room. As soon as he could be removed to a sofa, Lady Sundorne sent to request that Mrs. Aylmer would come to the castle if it were in any way possible, for though Lord Sundorne was in a state of convalescence, he was so low from the total want of society, that she knew not how to manage him. The few families in the neighborhood had contented themselves with sending enquiries, and during his whole illness he had seen but herself and his medical attendant. Mrs. Aylmer did not hesitate an instant to obey this summons, though slightly indisposed and much depressed in spirits from the protracted absence of her husband. She did not believe she could do much towards raising the spirits of the invalid; she could little imagine the relief some persons can feel in relating the minutiae of past sufferings, and in receiving congratulations on returning health.

When Mrs. Aylmer entered the breakfast room where Lord Sundorne lay on a couch, he immediately proceeded to give her a lengthened detail of his illness in a way which needed no additions from Lady Sundorne to shew how exceedingly irritable and impatient he had been, nor did he spare to relate that he had suffered himself to be so overcome in mind and body, that he had actually disgraced himself so far as to faint away in his wife's arms!

"Could you imagine," said he, "that I should ever have been so unmanly! I, the descendant of the iron-clad heroes of Runnymede! But I told you when poor Aylmer looked so 'like patience on a monument,' and was literally 'smiling at grief,' what a fretful mortal I always am under sickness or confinement, though I little thought of exhibiting the fact so soon. But now the worst is over, and 'Richard's himself again!' I am really glad to see a human countenance once more, for you know that for the last three weeks I have seen no one but my Lady there—who has done nothing but scold—and the Doctor, who seemed determined to poison me."

"A pretty compliment, truly!" said Lady Sundorne, "and a handsome return for the patience with which I have borne all your out-of-the-way vagaries!"

"Oh! you may assure Mrs. Aylmer that, in this respect, I have in no wise degenerated from my ancestors, who have one and all been famous for the strangest whims whenever they were ill!"

"And when they were not," said Lady Sundorne, drily.

"Yes! truly! always eccentric! I believe

there are more anecdotes related of my forefathers, than of any other family in the kingdom. Aye, and some of our modern writers have not been backward in availing themselves of some singular circumstances which have taken place—certainly not within the last century. I suppose when a hundred years have rolled by, every one may be considered as lawful property for the pen of a poet!"

It was in the course of this conversation that Mrs. Aylmer discovered what she had often suspected, though Lord Sundorne leaned toward scepticism in his religious opinions, he had a perfect belief in the appearances and operations of supernatural beings. It certainly was evident that among the legends of Sundorne castle, were some which have furnished subjects for a few of the most beautiful ballads of the day; and it was in vain that Mrs. Aylmer tried to lead him to separate the probable truth from the palpable error; he contended stoutly for his opinions, and adduced some proofs even in his own time, when credible witnesses had seen the appearance of a deceased person, but dwelt most on some circumstances in his own family, which he believed to have been the ground work of Sir Walter Scott's "Eve of St. John."

Mrs. Aylmer's vivid imagination delighted to dwell on the sublime and mysterious secrets of another world, and whatever her reason might say, she could not avoid listening to this legend which Lord Sundorne was impatient to relate, as a certain confirmation of his cherished opinion.

"It was in the troublous times of the sixth Henry, that an aged Earl of Sundorne retired to one of his castles in Ireland, while his brave sons were drawing their swords in support of that unfortunate King. The youngest of these was distinguished by more than ordinary valour and learning, but all his honours and all his brilliant qualities were sullied by a criminal passion for the wife of one of his best friends. The moment he was fully aware of the nature of his feelings, he fled society and particularly avoided the Lady Blanche, whose fatal beauty had caused him to wander from the true path of peace. But as he thus refrained from actual sin against human laws, he thought nothing more was required of him; therefore in secret, and, as he imagined, in safety, he gave way to all the fervour and romance of that guilty flame, which, even in its first glimmering, the voice of God and the laws of man called upon him to stifle. He plunged into the recesses of the

wildest forests, where the foot of the traveller never penetrated, that he might call aloud on her name, and gaze unrestrainedly on her picture, which he constantly carried in his bosom. Instead of humbling himself, as a sinner, before that awful Being who requires purity of heart, as well as rectitude of conduct, he gloried in the strength of his love, and even depicted it in passionate sonnets, which he was not sufficiently careful to preserve from the prying eyes of curiosity.

"The heart of the aged father was deeply wounded by this conduct in his darling son. It might be the usage sanctioned by the chivalric spirit of the day, but the house of Sundorne had hitherto been as high in unstained purity of morals, as it was in heraldic honors; and Lord Hubert had given such bright promises in early youth, that the stain on his manhood was more deeply felt. The old Earl retired entirely from the society of his peers, and shut himself up in the solitary castle of Balinagan.

"It was on the night of the twenty-third of October, in the year 1456, that the loud blast of a horn awakened the aged porter of the outer gate of Balinagan Castle. He arose in haste, and looking through the small window of the tower in which he slept, that commanded a view of the gate, he saw Lord Hubert, who was mounted on a spirited black charger. His vizor was up,—though in every other respect he was completely armed. There was no moon, and the night was dark and starless,—yet the old man not only saw the lineaments of the well known face, but distinguished every stud and joint of his armor. He also marked that the horse was barded, and that as he tossed his head, his eyes sparkled with fiery impatience.

"Full of joy at this welcome though unexpected sight, the old man hastily descended the narrow winding stairs, and unbarred the ponderous gate, which delivered the visitor into the first court, from whence the drawbridge led to the second. Lord Hubert passed on without speaking, and his figure was soon lost in the darkness of the portal that overshadowed the bridge.

"I must have suddenly lost my hearing!" said the porter to himself—"I might have missed the sound of his voice in my own foolish babbling;—but I heard not the sound of his horse's feet! nor the summons to the warder—nor the rattling of the drawbridge! But I shall hear enough to-morrow—if I am not as deaf as a post!"

"The moment the return of day gave admission to the castle, the old porter hastened to

share in the general joy such an arrival must occasion. No one of the domestics had heard of Lord Hubert's being there! No one had seen him. His venerable nurse, who lived in a cottage on the verge of the domain, and whose infirm husband kept the gate of entrance there, arrived at the same moment to make the same inquiries. All the inmates of the castle agreed that no one had entered the castle during the night. The nurse declared that Lord Hubert had passed the gate, and that she had spoken to him, but received no answer. The porter persisted in his story. Both agreed as to the armor, the plume in his helmet, the color of his horse, and the precise moment of time as near as could be ascertained. Much astonishment was excited; but it was proved beyond a doubt that the drawbridge had not been lowered during the usual time—from sunset to sunrise, and other entrance to the castle there was none.

"On the same night, at the same hour, as the Lady Blanche was sitting in her closet, awaiting the return of her husband from a hazardous expedition, the figure of an armed man suddenly stood before her. As soon as her terror suffered her to distinguish his features, for his vizor was unclosed, she saw it was Lord Hubert. He looked on her with a pale, sorrowful countenance, as he laid his gauntleted hand on a small cabinet beside which he was standing; but the moment she found words to reproach him for his impudent intrusion, he was gone.

"The lady fainted, and was but imperfectly recovered, when her husband returned, in a state bordering on distraction, and covered with blood. He had met his friend; and in the darkness of the night, mistaking him for the enemy he was pursuing, had slain him.

"In addition to the horror of these strange occurrences, the mark of a burning hand on the cabinet, where the lady remembered to have seen Lord Hubert's rest, was found deeply impressed. The unhappy pair immediately retired to different convents, in one of which this legend was found fairly written, where they spent the remainder of their saddened days. The cabinet, with the burnt mark of the armed hand, is preserved and shown in Balinagan Castle, as a memorial of the appalling circumstance."

"I see," said Lord Sundorne, when he had concluded, "that you consider this a monkish legend, and truly conjecture that I have related it word for word as it is written down. I know you will say this was nearly four hun-

dred years ago, in superstitious times, &c. &c. but now I will tell you something that fell out nearer our own times, the evidences of which are unquestionable. My grandfather had a sister of uncommon attainments for a woman, pardon me, Mrs. Aylmer, I should rather say a masculine mind, and a fearless disposition, for learning was not then in fashion either with men or women; but, in spite of her lofty mind, love found an entrance to her heart and perhaps revenged himself by reigning with absolute power, because of necessity it was in secret. You all know the heath that lies due west of this castle, it was her favorite resort of an evening, because from thence she could see the sun set over a beautiful and cultivated landscape. Lovers, you know, are always fond of sunsets, moon risings, and the glimmer of twilight. But few of them that love the dawn or the sunrise. It was in the very eventful year of 1746 that Lady Madelaine walked as usual beyond the confines of the mark, and entered on the heath. She was from some accident later than usual; the sun had sunk below the horizon, and the grey of evening was beginning to replace the gorgeous hues that had but lately prevailed. She suddenly found her beloved youngest brother by her side, he whom she believed to be in Scotland, fighting by the side of Duke William of Cumberland, he of all in the world, the sole depository of her painful secret. She trembled for her lover, in the ranks of Charles Edward; he was come to break gently to her the tidings of his death!—he had fallen in the battle that had been hourly expected!—No, her gallant knight was well and had highly distinguished himself by his prowess. How came he then, her high souled brother, away from the battle field in a critical moment? He waved the answer, but spoke tenderly, and at length on the subject known to no other living being. Lady Madelaine dashed the tears from her eyes, and when she looked up, she was alone—on the wide heath there was no human being but herself. It is easy to suppose that she fell into a deep swoon, in which some peasants found her, and summoned assistance from the castle. She was conveyed to her chamber, and before she could relate the cause of her illness, news was brought that her brother had fallen in the battle of Culloden. Now, Mrs. Aylmer, this was related to me by my grand aunt herself, then a very old, but very fine woman, and one not likely to impose either on herself or others. What can we say to this?"

"I should say, my Lord, that the fit prece-

ded the vision, and many instances have been known that even a common fainting will produce a hallucination of that kind. Have you not felt even in dreams that appearances, I might say apparitions, have been so palpable that you might almost lay hold of them?"

"But what do you think of the coincidence of circumstances?"

"As of the same nature as many that happen every day, nay that happen to myself, who never saw the glimpse of a ghost in my life, anxiously as I have looked over every old house I could get near; who have sat in Westminster Abbey, in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, at twilight, so far alone that I could hear no sound but the distant closing of a door, and so near to the tomb of the founder, that its shadow made it dark around me; and when I have been excited enough to imagine the statues frowned, and that the banners waved above my head."

"You have been bold, Mrs. Aylmer!"

"Not too bold, my Lord; for I never had any occurrence to occasion even a start, except once in my father's grounds, a favorite dog of immense size, when it was too dark to distinguish the outlines of figures, rose up and laid his tremendous paws on my shoulders, a trick I had taught him, and for which I paid the penalty of a terrible fright. Nay, I have slept in a bed made expressly for Charles the Second, and in which that merry, but cruel monarch has often reposed his gaunt figure. I passed two nights of sickness there, and took my hourly draughts with great punctuality by the dim beams of a solitary rush light, and had even a pleasure in withdrawing the bed-curtains to look round a room larger and darker than ever Mrs. Radcliffe depicted, and I heard no other sound than the swallows that would build in the ample chimney, I saw nothing but the bat that regularly found entrance we could not tell how, and which no endeavors could dislodge. I knew it to be perfectly harmless and became accustomed to its flittings, though sometimes it almost swept my face with its wings."

"Have you always been so brave, Mrs. Aylmer?" said Lady Sundorne, shuddering.

"Not always, madam. This room was close to the sleeping rooms of the family, and as the heavy door generally swung open some time in the night, from the spring lock not being able to sustain its weight, I could have called and should have been instantly heard. I have experienced unreasonable terror in a remote room, small, modern, with a white bed; and so terrified at a fine, full length picture of

John the Baptist, that I have not dared to turn my head towards it."

"And has your reason never been staggered by any circumstance, known or related?"

"Never but once, and I fear you will think it very ridiculous, as I did—and yet it is a fact."

"Oh, pray let us hear it," said Lord Sundorne, a little ironically. "I should like to know what could stagger Mrs. Aylmer."

"I beg you to have patience with my story. I only wish you could have it, as I did, from the lips of a beautiful woman, who, by dint of teasing and entreaties, made one of the parties, a respectable minister, relate it to her. She laughed as she repeated it, and yet she declared the poor man told it most seriously."

"In one of the old towns of Berkshire, there is a large house of the true Elizabethan style; literally answering to the description:

'The antique ceiling's fretted height,
Each panel in achievement clothing;
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.'

"In this mansion lived a pious old gentleman of true old English hospitality. Whenever there was a religious convocation of any kind, he made a point of entertaining all the ministers, but leaned evidently to dissenters."

"On one occasion, two gentlemen arriving very late, found every room and bed occupied but one, and that one, *par excellence*, the haunted chamber, which every one had avoided for at least a century. There was no remedy. Every inn and house in the town was full to overflowing; even the parlors were occupied, and this room was made ready in the hope that some one would be found hardy enough to dare its terrors. Two middle aged ministers did not avow any reluctance, even if they felt it, and taking lights from a domestic, they entered the apartment, an ante-room, which led by immense folding doors to that which contained the bed—of unusual size—with curtains to draw round and close at the feet. The hangings of both rooms were of tapestry, dim and grotesque; strange trees, strange animals, and yet stranger men; all more like the creation of a hideous dream than an imitation of living beings. The whole of the furniture was antiquesquely massive, and even magnificent; chairs that looked like ebony, and the old armoire with its delicate carving, and inlaid with different colored woods. The andirons were two figures, much like the Egyptian memnon; and a large picture over the mantel-piece seemed painted by one determined to anticipate Fuseli in his declared intention of

painting what never had been, and never would be seen. The window was embayed, but covered with long heavy curtains, like those of the bed.

"The two gentlemen knelt down on each side of the bed, for their private devotions. At that moment the huge folding doors flew open with a tremendous noise."

"Ho!" said one, "so the game is beginning."

"I pray you, my brother, speak not so lightly; I fastened those doors with my own hand."

"They again bolted them securely, and placed two of the heavy chairs to keep them closed. The moment they were on their knees, the doors flew open more impetuously than before, and the chairs were thrown into the middle of the room. As it was not very cold, it was agreed they should be left open, and, with two lights burning, they got into bed, leaving the curtains undrawn, being willing to see what might pass. No sooner were their heads laid on the pillow, than the curtains were drawn furiously toward the foot of the bed, and as furiously drawn back again; the heavy rings jingling on the iron rod; the watch of the elder minister was taken from its place, shaken over his head and thrown behind the pillow of the younger one, who shrunk under the bed-clothes laughing. At this moment both the lights expired."

"The elder again reproved the other for his lightness, and said, 'Come what will of it, I will speak.' He then in the most solemn manner, adjured the spirit to declare what it was that prevented its rest. He received a smart blow on his cheek from a very cold hand, and some one stumped round the bed as if on a wooden leg. The rest of the night passed without disturbance."

"In the morning, all were eager to question these two venturous gentlemen, who were not very ready to relate their nocturnal experience; but they questioned the host as to the character of the room, and what was alleged as the reason of its inquietude. He said he was utterly ignorant, and he did not know of any one that could tell, except it was a very old gardener who had lived in the place from his very infancy, and was supposed to know more than any one else."

"The two ministers lost no time in sounding the old man, who appeared very reluctant to speak on the subject; but after much pressing, said that, before he was born, that room was used only on state occasions, and had no bed in it. The story ran, that on some grand

occasion—either a wedding or a christening—a large party were playing cards there, and one old lady, having been very unsuccessful in the game, imagined that she had been the subject of unfair play, and fell into such a passion of rage, that she died of suffocation on the spot. This lady had a wooden leg.

"Noises were heard from that time; and, though the best room in the house, it had been generally shut up. No one who ever ventured to sleep there would ever encounter a second night."

"However ridiculous this story may seem," said Lord Sundorne, as Mrs. Aylmer paused, "You will allow that it had a staggering influence on you. You will not question the facts of two respectable men's stating?"

"I did not question the facts, but the agency," said Mrs. Aylmer, smiling. "The hand, however cold, must have been of flesh and blood, and a spirit need not use a wooden leg to stump with. But all my doubts were at an end, when a few years afterwards I met a lady in North Wales, who well knew this town in Berkshire, the venerable mansion, and its truly hospitable owner. She had never heard of these precise circumstances; but she told me that this excellent man had three sons, who were the terror of the whole neighborhood from their mad pranks and mischievous wagery. Wo to the house that had any ornament that outraged their standard of taste. Wo to the antiquated maiden that went out to pay her evening visit, as is often the case in country towns, without a bonnet or umbrella over her head. They had spies every where, and getting into a house which she must pass, a fishing rod and hook from an upper window would dexterously twitch off the lace cap, and perhaps a few extraneous locks of hair. Wo to the house that was about to entertain a dinner party,—the loss of the knocker of the front door was the least they had to apprehend. Some of their doings cannot be named; but they were so great a scourge to the vicious, that the magistrates had little to do. When, added to all this, I understood they had a horror of innovation in the church, and above all things opposed themselves to their father's reception of dissenting ministers, I was at no loss to conjecture from whence had arisen the well connected chain of terrors that had invaded the repose of two ministers of the Wesleyan persuasion."

"Now do you think, Mrs. Aylmer," said Lord Sundorne, gravely, "that mere human hands could effect all this? Could two or

three hair-brained young men produce such awful effects?"

"My Lord," answered Mrs. Aylmer, "one ignorant person in North Wales, contrived to terrify a whole district. A farm house, lying immediately beneath Snowden—I will not attempt its unpronounceable name—was for some years invaded by a ghost of a very remarkable description. Noises, sights, and depredations were attested by creditable people. No day or night passed without some exhibition, to which, at last, the inhabitants became quite accustomed. The noises were sometimes in a clock-case, sometimes in a bed-post; the appearance was at one time a man—at another a large ox. The depredations were principally confined to the thick matting with which the Welsh people in remote places separate their beds from one another, for the double purpose of warmth and privacy. These, the ghost, in the middle of the night, would pull down, suffocating the sleepers with the accumulated dust of many years. Sometimes a heavy weight would roll over the different beds; but, when one of the men declared he would take a sharp pointed knife and stick it upwards through the bed-clothes, this was discontinued; an evident certainty that the tricks were played by some one in the house, who must have heard the threat. I cannot tell half the circumstances I heard; but the doings were always for evil and never for good." The attention of many persons was excited, and among others, several ministers of known respectability and learning. One of these was extremely angry, and not only strongly denied all supernatural agency in the present day, but insisted on it, that the people at this farm house must be sotted, and allowed themselves to be frightened at nothing at all. He was determined to go and see for himself, and if they would permit it, to stay all night. He was kindly received, and seated in front of the great fire glowing cheerily on the hearth, on which stood a heavy three legged skillet, simmering some preparation for supper.

"While he sat gravely talking, as became one of his profession, the skillet on which his eyes were fixed suddenly turned over with the bottom upward, scattering fire and ashes in all directions. In the confusion this occasioned, an old pair of trowsers came heavily on his neck, with the two legs hanging over his shoulders down upon his knees. Half angry, and somewhat startled, he determined to stay no longer; but just as he reached the door of entrance, a live goose, tied by the legs, was

hooked securely over one of the hind buttons of his coat, and beat him most unmercifully with her wings. He ran for his life, with the truggling bird behind him, till he reached the stable where he had left his horse, when his companion followed, and released him from what he had really believed to be the foul fiend himself.

"Well," said the gentleman who had accompanied him, and who rode with him homeward, "are you convinced now?"

"No," said he, "I am not. I should like to have stayed through the night, but they were evidently bent on insulting me."

"Who were?"

"Why the whole family together. I never will believe one person alone can carry on such pranks."

"I can assure you," answered the friend, "no visible person was concerned in this, and I believe them entirely innocent. They are harrassed to death. No servant will live with them, either male or female, and I wish we could have staid to assist them in unravelling this troublesome mystery."

"The clergyman declaimed loudly on folly and superstition, which he averred was gaining ground in the otherwise, peaceful vallies of Wales. 'I hear every day,' said he, 'of shadowy funerals; of men with three cornered hats, on white horses, and a servant on a black horse behind them. Of ghosts in the shape of a large hag, and fifty other such absurdities. Then there is my old friend the minister of Gwynne Finlas; he will not stir out after dark by himself for any sum of money, for he says he has been preaching against satan for these thirty years, and he would be loth to meet him in the dark, lest he should be roughly handled.'

"As he spoke, they were descending into one of those deep glens, so common in mountainous countries, with a precipice on each side, overshadowed with fern, ivy and other creeping plants, with here and there a huge tree starting from the rocky crevices directly across the road, and waving its grotesque arms draperied with heavy foliage. A clear sky, studded with bright stars, had hitherto given them light, but now they were involved in impenetrable darkness, and accordingly checked their horses, though the road was perfectly sound and good. The hitherto voluble old gentleman suddenly ceased speaking, but his friend much amused at some of his original ideas, endeavored to renew the conversation.

"Hush!" said the minister in a low voice—"Hush!—They do say there is always something to be seen here!"

"The laugh was still loud at the valiant old gentleman when we left North Wales; but no progress had been made either in elucidating the mysteries of the farm house, or stopping the perpetually recurring annoyances. I have inquired several times since, but can get no satisfactory answer."

As Mrs. Aylmer ceased speaking, a soft rap at the door announced another visitor. It was Mr. Aylmer returned unexpectedly from his journey, and not fashionable enough even to affect apathy toward his wife, had come in search of her. When Lady Sundorne saw those true symptoms of affection in this couple, that when sincere, cannot be concealed, she recollected they had been married nearly as long as herself and Lord Sundorne; they had neither eminent beauty, high station, a long line of ancestry, nor even worldly riches, and yet they were happy. She gave one glance at her husband, then turned away and heaved a deep sigh.

FROM THE LOOSE LEAVES OF A TRAVELER.

O'er wavy dale or mountain-crest,
Where'er my foot discursive tread,
Where'er my vision chance to rest,
Are scenes of checquer'd beauty spread;
But though my path be through a land
Befitting fairy's errantry,
I'd rather track Zahara's sand
If on my homeward way to thee!

And though each hill were Helicon,
And Grace and Muse beset my side
And sued an arm to lean upon,
I'd sigh for thee my gentle bride—
Oh! that the flesh could take the wing
That speeds my spirit back to thee,
And thy fond arm around me cling
In more than cherish'd memory. H. H. K.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

LUCY HEATHWOOD.

BY WM. H. CARPENTER.

CHAPTER I.

It was verging towards the close of a calm summer's day, when two females might have been seen walking through one of the pleasant, and retired lanes, in the vicinity of the city of B—.

It was a green and lovely spot which they had chosen for their ramble, and, perhaps, its being but little frequented by the noisy inhabitants of the town, had induced them to make choice of it, in preference to the dustier, and more travelled avenues.

The eldest of the two pedestrians was a pale, matronly lady, evidently in feeble health; and a widow, as one might have correctly surmised by a glance at the deep mourning in which she was attired. The younger, upon whose arm the widow leaned, was a beautiful girl of some twenty years. Pale, indeed, but more, as it appeared, from recent care and watching, than from any positive sickness. She wore what is generally called half mourning, and was the only daughter of her to whom she so sedulously ministered.

"You are better, mother," she said, as the widow complained of slight fatigue. "Your steps are firmer, and your eyes brighter than I have known them for many days. Do not fear to lean on my arm—I am young and strong; and, besides, if we return at once, we shall soon reach home."

But the quick return the maiden had predicted, was destined to be delayed, for just as they arrived at a bend in the lane, a young man, fashionably dressed, approached them.

Lucy Heathwood changed color at the sight of him, while her compressed lips, and disturbed countenance, plainly showed that the intruder was any thing but welcome. The widow Heathwood had also recognised the new comer; and, as she pressed one hand to her side, she disengaged the other from her daughter's arm, and sunk upon a bank, overcome with fear.

Nothing daunted, however, the stranger came to where Lucy stood, and holding out his hand with a smile, he said,

"May I hope, Miss Heathwood will pardon me the rude language I used last evening, and receive me among those who are honored in being called her friends?"

"Mr. Ashton," said the maiden, drawing back. "I pray you, let us pass; my mother is not well, and as we are anxious to return home, your presence cannot but unpleasantly detain us."

Ashton's brow darkened.

"So," said he, "you persist in your rejection of my suit?"

"This is neither the time nor place," she replied, evasively, "to speak of such matters. If you mean well toward us, Mr. Ashton, let me beg you to retire."

"Answer me," said he, quickly and rudely, "yea or nay?"

"Well, then," said she, with womanly dignity, "if a suit can be rejected, which I never for one moment entertained, I do abide by my decision, and shall forever. I never saw you sir, until within these last few months, except it was some years ago as clerk for my father; and how you wronged him, your own conscience too well knows."

Ashton turned red and pale, by turns, and then recovering himself, he spoke in a low, warning tone.

"Pause, Lucy Heathwood!" said he, "pause and consider, you are in my power."

"Mother!" she exclaimed, to the bewildered widow, "Mother, let us go! God will protect us."

"Stop!" cried Ashton, barring the way—"stop. I will give you something to reflect upon. This," he added, sneeringly. "This you will not deny is your hand-writing, I presume?"

He produced a neatly folded billet, and opening it leisurely, read as follows:

DEAR ASHTON—

Name your own time—I am always ready.

Yours, in haste, LUCY.

"Now, who shall say you are not in my power!" said he, with an exulting laugh.

Lucy was thunderstruck. It was a note she had written to a young friend by the name of Amy Grey, in answer to the latter's wish that they should visit together a mutual acquaintance. She had simply addressed it, Dear A. Ashton had filled up the blank, and by some process, had obliterated the superscription, and written his own name in the place of the other.

"What think you now?" said he. "If I am rejected, who would have you?"

"Ralph Ashton!" exclaimed the widow, rising up as if momentarily endowed with supernatural energy, "Ralph Ashton, you are a villain!"

"Peace, crone!" said he, fiercely turning upon her—"Peace, or I will strike you down."

"Mercy!" cried Lucy, flinging herself before her mother.

"Help—help!"

"You shall have it!" responded a manly voice from behind, and darting forward, the stranger, by a well directed blow, felled the insulter to the earth.

Frantic with rage, Ashton regained his feet.

"Your name—your name?" said he. "You shall answer to me for that."

"I am not in the habit of giving my name to every ruffian I meet;" replied the young man, measuring his antagonist with calm scorn, "but, as you have the externals of a gentleman, however much your present act is at variance with what should constitute a true one; my name—Ernest Walton—is at your service."

Then, turning to the ladies, he said respectfully—"If you will honor me by accepting my protection to your own home, I will do my poor endeavor by seeing that you meet with no violence by the way."

Lucy Heathwood lifted her large, earnest, tearful eyes, to the countenance of her deliverer, and leaning her hand tremblingly on his arm, bowed her grateful thanks. Her mother, also clung to him, but she could not speak.

"Heark you, sir!" cried Ashton, stepping up, and hissing out his words—"I will have satisfaction for this!"

"I neither know who you are, nor"—

"Ashton—Ralph Ashton; I am not ashamed of my name."

"Well, then, Mister Ralph Ashton," said Ernest Walton, turning coolly round to the angry speaker; "if you have any prudence left, pray do not urge me to knock you down again, as I am at present strongly tempted to do. Should you, on reflection, have any thing to say to me, I am very easily found; and, be assured, I shall then take such steps in this

matter, as may best accord with my offence, or your deserts."

So saying, and unmindful of the volley of threats from his baffled antagonist, he supported kindly and soothingly, the faltering steps of his fair companions, until they reached a neat cottage in the suburbs. Having obtained permission to call on them the ensuing morning, and received from them such an account of Ashton, as enabled him to form a tolerably correct estimate of his true character; he retired to his own house, and when he sought his couch, he dreamed the whole night long a series of pleasant dreams, and in the midst of them all, strangely appeared the sweet, pale face of Lucy Heathwood.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY on the following morning, Ernest Walton was seated in his small, but well selected library, seemingly intent upon the pages of a book before him; but, in reality, striving to analyse why it was that the face of Lucy Heathwood haunted him so perpetually. But his pleasant review was broken by a servant announcing Captain Fitz Allen; and shortly afterwards, a gentleman befrocked and befrogged, "*a la militaire*," made his appearance. Evidently uneasy, he yet assumed as careless an air as he could command, and proceeded to open the conversation by asking "if he had the honor of addressing Mr. Ernest Walton?"

Ernest bowed.

"Hum—ha—well"—here the Captain looked at the servant, who at a signal from his master, immediately left the room.

"Hum—ha—unpleasant business, Mr. Walton! my friend—very sorry personally—but—honor you know; must be done. Eh?"

"May I beg you to be a little more explicit."

"Eh! ha—come to the point; little message, cartel—see."

"Pray be seated. You are, I understand, the friend of this Mr. Ashton."

"Friend—of course—very particular."

"May I ask if you have any intimate acquaintance with the person you call your friend? I am aware the question may seem a foolish one; yet, there are times, when in matters like these, a comparative stranger is called upon to perform the office of a friend, without having more than a passing acquaintance with the party whom he serves. It is for this reason that I ask if you know him?"

"Know him!" cried the Captain, eagerly—"like a book—I,—I mean, like a brother," he stammered, in confusion.

The voice, the slang phrase, uttered, and hastily withdrawn, drew Ernest's attention more particularly towards the speaker. The Captain winced under the earnest scrutiny, and at length, as if unable to bear it any longer, said—

"What answer am I to bear, Mr. Ashton?"

"That I wish to have nothing to do with him."

"Ho! ho! the white feather—Ha—hum."

"Sir!" exclaimed Ernest.

"Of course, aware of consequences; placards—laughing stock,—corners of streets."

Ernest rang the bell. The servant entered.

"Show this person the door," said he.

"What do you mean, sir?" cried the Captain, looking very red.

"Simply what I say; and hark ye, sir! Tell your principal to be more careful for the future in the choice of his messengers, as I wish to have nothing to do with a blackleg whom I saw hooted from Saratoga last summer for swindling and foul play."

"You—you shall repent this!" said the abashed and crest-fallen knave.

"Thomas, follow this man down stairs; and see that he takes nothing by the way."

CHAPTER III.

No sooner was he left alone, than Ernest fell into a fit of abstraction, which lasted several minutes; when it ended, he suddenly arose, and taking up his hat, sallied forth into the street.

"Bravo—*mon cher* Walton!" exclaimed a gentlemanly young man, as our hero turned a corner with more haste than usually becomes a man of leisure.

"Harry Vale! the very friend I want. Come with me."

"With all my heart; but where are you racing so fast?"

"I have just refused to fight a man, and he threatens to placard me;—so—"

"You are going to apologise!" interrupted his friend, in some surprise.

"Yes; in my way," replied Ernest, with a quiet smile.

Stepping into a store, he made a small purchase, at which Vale laughed heartily, as he asked—

"Who is the pugnacious individual?"

"A person by the name of Ashton. Do you know him?"

"Yes—no."

"You contradict yourself; who is he?"

"A gentleman, if you believe his own assertion. He dresses like one; and lives like one; but without any visible means of supporting his pretensions. Added to this, his associates appear to be of a rather suspicious character."

"Rather," said Ernest, dryly.

CHAPTER IV.

ASHTON was in his own room, in a public hotel, surrounded by some six or seven roys-tering young men, whose ultra fashionable appearance betrayed the absence of that gentility they so sedulously endeavored to imitate.

"How long has the Captain been gone?" enquired a sleepy looking young man, with exquisitely curled red hair.

"Half an hour and three minutes, by my watch," drawled a tall gentleman, with a black imperial, who rejoiced in the name of Johnson.

"Captain!—oh!" exclaimed a third, and he burst out a-laughing. At this moment, the "*soi disant*" military worthy entered.

"The news—the news?" vociferated several, thronging round him, while Ashton turned deadly pale.

"Patience, patience, gentlemen. Mr. Ashton, your proposed antagonist is a coward."

"What! Ernest Walton! no, no!" cried two or three at once.

"Well, I declare!" ejaculated Johnson.

"I say a coward!" repeated the Captain, striking his hand upon the table, to give emphasis to the word. And then he went on to state, how he had just returned from a long conversation with Mr. Walton, in which the trepidation of that gentleman was most painfully contrasted with his—the Captain's—own coolness.

"But what did he say?" enquired red hair.

"That, judging Ashton by the company he kept, he could not recognise him as a gentleman," replied the Captain, with sarcastic malice.

"Of course he did not include me," said Johnson; affectedly caressing his "imperial."

"Oh, no! nor me," said he of the red hair.

"If I recollect right, he mentioned you two

gentlemen particularly," replied the lying Captain.

"I declare!—Ashton, you must placard the low fellow."

"Ah! so I say," rejoined the second.

"I will," said Ashton, "and that forthwith."

He seized writing materials and wrote the offensive paper—notwithstanding one or two dissentient voices—and was about to commit it into the hand of the delighted Captain, when Ernest Walton, and his friend Vale were announced.

A bombshell suddenly falling in their midst could not have caused more commotion. Every eye was turned towards the door, and then each looked at the other, as if to ask what was to come next?

Ashton's lip quivered, and he whispered to Johnson,

"You, you will stand by me, if it comes to a pinch!"

"Eh? oh, by no means," drawled the latter.

"I—I can't say that I am particularly fond of these brawls, they are so vastly annoying."

Bowing courteously to those present, Ernest walked gravely up the room to where Ashton stood. As he passed the table, his eye was attracted by his own name written upon the paper, which Ashton in his trepidation had thrown down. Taking it up, he read it very calmly, and after showing it to Vale, deliberately tore it in pieces.

"You see," said he, turning to Ashton, "there is no need of this, as I am here in answer to your challenge."

"But—but this is very informal; very. I—I have placed myself in the hands of my friend."

"Your friend," returned Ernest, with a glance of contempt at the cowering Captain, "is not over anxious, I apprehend, to have any thing to do with this matter. You sent a message to me, sir," he added, sternly; "I have accepted it. If the time, place, and choice of weapons rest with myself, I say; let the time be now, the place, here, and the weapons—"

"This is too abrupt!" said Ashton, trembling in spite of himself. "I appeal to you all, gentlemen! He wishes to force me to combat, unprepared. If I fall it will be murder! Besides, I have not my weapons here. I protest—I—"

"Be not alarmed," said Ernest, with the most perfect imperturbability; "I have be-thought me of the necessary instruments." So saying, he commenced very deliberately untying a long, thin, paper parcel.

"Swords!" exclaimed the affrighted Ashton. "I do not fight with swords."

"So I thought;" replied Ernest, coolly, "and hence, concluded the proper weapon for you would be—"

"What?"

"A cowhide! See, here are two, take your choice."

"I will have nothing to do with them!" cried Ashton, retreating. "They are not arms fit for gentlemen."

"True," replied Ernest, "but they are such as a gentleman sometimes condescends to use, when he wishes to chastise a scoundrel. Now, sir! are you ready?" and Ernest advanced.

"Help! gentlemen, help!"

"Coward! either apologise at once for the insults offered last evening, or take the consequences."

Ashton looked at his antagonist for a moment, but seeing determination written on his compressed lip and steady eye, his own gaze fell instantly.

"Speak! or I strike."

Ashton looked down, and hesitated. Ernest's arm was uplifted.

"Stop! stop!" cried Ashton. "I will, I will; I do beg your pardon."

"So far it is well; and now pray return me that letter you showed Miss Heathwood."

"I have not got it. It is lost."

"Liar! give it me this instant, or take the consequences;" and Ernest, advancing, drew a pistol.

"Don't shoot! I will find it, indeed I will; see! here it is."

"Now, sir," said Ernest, taking the letter, and joining his friend; "this I shall restore to the writer. How you came by it, shall be enquired into. I hope the present will be a useful lesson; and that you will learn henceforth, however weak and unprotected a female may seem, that very weakness ensures her a defender."

The companions of Ashton, as soon as Ernest and Vale had disappeared, surveyed him for a few moments, some with pity, but most with contempt, and all but the captain made ready to depart.

"Ashton!" said Johnson, "of course I don't know you for the future."

"By-by, Ashton," said the red-haired fop, kissing one finger of his perfumed glove. "By-by! sorry for you."

"Who would have thought it?" exclaimed a third. And thus they rang the changes, until the door closed upon them.

Ashton himself was stupified. He buried his face in his hands, and did not speak for

several minutes. When he did look up, the demoniacal expression of his countenance almost startled his only remaining associate, the captain.

Clasping his hands tightly together, Ashton sprang to his feet, and grinding out the words between his clenched teeth, he muttered fiercely, "I will be revenged!"

"You shall!" retorted the captain, pointedly. "I, too, have a little account to settle."

Their eyes met, and though neither spoke, each grasped the other's hand, and ratified the compact in silence.

CHAPTER V.

THREE months passed away, and each succeeding day saw Ernest at the widow's cottage. He had found that the sweet, innocent face of Lucy Heathwood was but the index of as pure and gentle a heart as ever beat in woman's bosom.

The evening walks of the frail invalid were no longer attended by Lucy only. The stronger arm of Ernest supported the feeble steps of her mother, while Lucy walked timidly by his side, listening eagerly to even the slightest word that fell from his lips, or stealthily looking with her deep, earnest eyes, into his manly and intelligent face.

She loved, and loved, too, with that soul-fraught feeling which is a woman's nature. In too many instances, perhaps, not wisely displayed, but oh! how trustingly.

The few brief weeks that had intervened since she first knew Ernest Walton, had been weeks of unalloyed happiness. His devoted kindness, his unassuming manner, and his tender consideration for her sick mother, all combined to render her affection for him as ardent as it was devoted. She looked up to him—she clung to him in spirit—she hung upon his words, as the rich resources of his well stored mind were poured out before her with a lavish measure. She never dreamed of her faith not meeting an adequate return. She never, for an instant supposed it possible for him to prove false. She only knew he was all the world to her, and knowing that, she was happy.

And Ernest deserved such faith; for he loved her truly, fondly, devotedly.

The growth of this attachment was watched by Ashton with mingled hatred and satisfaction. Hatred, that another should have won the prize, to obtain which he had periled himself so far. And satisfaction, that it was now

in his power to wreck forever the peace of mind of one, by whom he had been so signally exposed and disgraced.

During the progress of the intimacy between Ernest Walton and Lucy Heathwood, the captain was compelled several times to check the impetuosity of his less wary associate, who, smarting under the indignity he had suffered, would scarcely brook the delay necessary to the full fruition of his scheme. "Wait, awhile," said the subtler villain. "The time has not yet come. Let him like her heartily; let her become necessary to him; let the fool think that to lose her, would be to take away the value of life; and then ——"

"I have sworn she shall be mine!"

"Why, so she shall; but wait."

"Aye! you take it coolly. You do not hate as I do."

"Do I not?" exclaimed the captain, with a fierce oath. "Patience, and you shall see."

CHAPTER VI.

GREAT was the astonishment, and numberless the congratulations, when the news of Ernest's engagement to Lucy Heathwood became known. Vale was in raptures. He had been introduced to Lucy, and her meek simplicity, the gentleness of her nature, and her earnest devotedness, extorted the sincerest praise from one who had been, from his youth up, a deep and acute observer of the human heart.

"She is a priceless treasure," said he to Ernest, as they returned home. "Could I find just such another, I would become—the lady willing,—Benedict, the married man, tomorrow."

"Not so soon as that my friend, I hope, for I was about to ask you to wait on me."

"With the greatest pleasure imaginable: may I enquire, who is to be my partner?"

"Cousin Alice."

"Ernest! I—I am afraid. She is a very Beatrice, with all her merry raillery, and all her power of sarcasm, but without her bitterness. And then, too, she is so roguish-eyed. Why, we have quarrelled a hundred times, and made it up again as often; and each time I have liked her better than before. Indeed, after dinner, I have often thought very sentimentally about Cousin Alice."

"Why after dinner only, Harry?"

"Oh! I don't know, unless because that is a time when a man feels in a better humor

with himself, and all the world. But what does she say of *la belle fiancée*?"

"For once in her life she was serious. She took my hands within her own, and said, 'Cousin Ernest! Love and Reason with you have gone hand in hand. I do not think you could have made a worthier choice had you searched the wide world over. I love her as a sister.'"

"I like that!" said Vale, and he fell into a deep fit of musing.

Meanwhile, Ashton and his associate were not idle. They had gained early intelligence of the betrothal, and a few evenings after the above recorded conversation, the two met together at Ashton's room by previous appointment.

"Now! said Fitz Allen, "now is the time to strike."

"I am glad of it," replied Ashton. "I never delayed righting myself so long in my life before."

"Bah!" cried the other, "I always bide my time. They say blood hounds never tire, never give over, but keep on, and on, until they bring down their man, or lose his footsteps entirely. That's like me. I can dog an enemy for years; and while I keep on the track I am satisfied."

"When does the wedding take place?"

"They say next Thursday; but I say to-night. So, Ashton, see that a carriage is ready; and, for fear the driver might be a little tender-hearted, I will take that office upon myself. It must be done this very evening; for the truth is,"—here the speaker lowered his voice—"I am a little suspicious we have been enquired after."

"How?" cried Ashton, turning pale.

"Hush!" whispered the other, jerking his thumb over his shoulder, as if to intimate that some one might be within hearing. "I am not at all positive; but the bar-keeper seemed to look a little askance at me, as if he took a greater interest in my whereabouts than he had hitherto done. I am afraid something is out about that affair of Dr. Grey's."

"Pooh! he is at the Springs, and has been for a long time."

"You are mistaken; he returned yesterday."

"That cursed letter," thought Ashton, but he said nothing.

"Cheer up," said the captain, "it is no matter of consequence; we shall be in another state to-morrow morning."

Their plan of action was now canvassed, together with the best means of avoiding discovery, and eluding pursuit; in all of which the master mind of the elder villain shone conspicuous. Having at length arranged every

thing to their satisfaction, they sallied out to put their purpose into execution.

It was about an hour after this, that two men, one stout, and coarse looking, and the other of small frame, but equally resolute bearing, stood on the steps of the hotel.

"Got into a carriage and druv off!" said the thinner man.

"Oh! I knows the road they took," rejoined the other carelessly. "They can't fool me."

"But see how much more trouble we have got. Why didn't we arrest 'em this morning?"

"Charley! Charley!" responded the stout man, "when will you learn wisdom? Don't you know Dr. Grey hadn't offered a reward for the robbers. I hope I knows my dooty too well to work without the reward; that would be a breakin' up of the bizness. Besides, his daughter had to 'dentify the letter. Bring round the horses, I guess I can find 'em."

The horses were brought, and while the horsemen ride off in pursuit, let us return to Ashton, and his co-mate, the captain.

Somewhere about nine o'clock in the evening, these two worthies drew up their carriage in a retired spot near the cottage of the widow Heathwood. The night was cloudy, but there still remained sufficient light to enable a person to take note of surrounding objects; and, as the Captain observed on dismounting from the box, "the dimness was all the better for their purposes."

"Now, Ashton," he continued, "you go forward and reconnoitre, while I keep a sharp look out for stragglers; if there is any danger I will whistle; and hark-ye! be as quick as you can. By-the-bye, if you see any light valuable," he added carelessly, "you may as well thrust it into your pocket."

There was a light in one of the upper windows of the cottage when Ashton arrived before it; and he thought he recognised the shadow of Lucy as she passed across the room. This was so far fortunate—she had not yet retired. Stealthily climbing the grape vine which covered in part the front of the dwelling, he succeeded, without difficulty, in gaining the roof of the porch; from whence it was an easy matter to throw up the window of a room adjoining the one where the light was, and, this done, to enter so softly as not to alarm the inmates. Creeping cautiously down the stairs, he turned the key of the front door, and leaving it ajar, returned by the way he came to complete his enterprise. Little did he dream how closely he had been watched.

When he climbed the vine as before stated, and disappeared by the window, two figures

emerged noiselessly from an angle of the house.

"Flat burglary, by heaven!" exclaimed the stout man. "There'll be two indictments agin him now, so if he slips the one, the other will hold fast."

"What shall we do?" whispered the other. "The Captain's below: had'nt we better stop and take Ashton first?"

"Charley! Charley!" responded the stout man, solemnly, "I pity you, indeed I do.—You've no talent for the business. See here! If the Captain hears the least noise, he'll be off in spite of us. No, no, come with me, and I'll shew you a trick; and hearkye, tread gingerly."

Totally unconscious of the danger that beset him, the Captain was pacing leisurely to and fro by the side of the carriage. Now, stopping to look about him and listen, lest any one should approach unawares; and now, resuming his brief walk; when all at once, he found himself suddenly seized from behind, a hand placed over his mouth, a gag thrust into it, his arms and feet securely bound, and his person lifted up by main strength, and flung heavily into the vehicle.

"There! that's the way, Charley, to do neat work," said the stout man with a low, chuckling laugh. "Talent's every thing, my boy! It teaches a man to do a thing *well* when he is a doin' it. Now I've a ra'al talent for the business. Howsomever, what's nateral to me, comes by exper'ence to some; and, may be, Charley, you'll larn arter a while; now don't stand admirin' so; git up on the box, take the reins in your hands, draw your hat a leetle over your eyes, and maybe you'll see something else presently."

At that instant, a prolonged shriek burst upon the silence of the night.

"Quiet, and say nothing," whispered the stout man, crouching down; and immediately afterwards, the sound of rapid footsteps was heard, and Ashton, bearing the fainting form of Lucy Heathwood, dashed towards the carriage.

"Here! jump down, be quick!" said he to the man on the box; and as the latter prepared to obey the summons, a grip, like that of a smith's vice, was laid upon Ashton's arm, and he heard the rough voice of the stout man exclaim—

"Mr. Ashton, you are my prisoner! Here, Charley, take care of the lady."

"Prisoner!" cried Ashton, faltering, and staggering back; "prisoner, for what?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," replied the stout man, blandly—"only a leetle job at Dr.

Grey's, and, ahem! mahaps you've borrowed a few things to-night."

Ashton heard no more, his brain reeled, and he fell to the ground.

CHAPTER VII.

"AND so you are to be groomsman," said Alice May, to her old playfellow, Harry Vale, when he called upon her the morning after the arrest of Ashton and his companion. "Dear Lucy, from whom I have just returned, would make a capital heroine for a romance. Would you believe it! notwithstanding the terrible adventure of last evening, I found her as calm and composed as if nothing extraordinary had happened to ruffle her usual serenity."

"Indeed! I am happy to hear that. But what said Ernest?"

"Oh! he, poor man, was almost distracted, until he discovered his bride elect was in no wise harmed. This falling in love is a dreadful thing; don't you think so?"

"Do you speak from experience?" enquired Vale, evasively, while he felt his heart beating a little quicker than usual.

Alice glanced archly out of her merry eyes at the questioner, as she said—

"Some of these days perhaps, I will tell you."

"Ah! but when?"

"When? let me see." She paused for an instant, and then added with a light laugh—

"When you are a grave father confessor, and I your very obedient devotee."

"Alice!"

"Harry!"

"I love you, Alice!"

"Nonsense! I don't believe it."

"Indeed, indeed it is true, and I—I wish you could love me."

"Why—a—" and she hesitated, and her eyes fairly laughed with roguish malice—

"Why, so I do—"

"Bless—"

"Stop, stop, not so fast. In a sisterly way, I mean."

"Oh!"

"You see, Harry, were I to love you more than that, I should have no one to tease and torment, and above all to quarrel with; and *that* you know would be a pity, wouldn't it?"

"But we can quarrel afterwards, Alice."

"Could we! And make it up again?"

"And make it up again!"

"And you would love me?"

"Dearly!"

"And pet me?"
 "And pet you."
 "And let me have my own way?"
 "In all things."
 "Well then, I—I—"
 "Speak, speak, dear Alice!" said he eagerly.
 "I—I will take—" she drawled out the words with mischievous slowness, while he bent forward in rapt attention to catch the sounds that were to confirm his long cherished hopes. "I—I will take—it—into serious con-si-de-ration." And with a gay mocking laugh at

her discomfited suitor, she bounded from the room.

But he did not long despond; for some two months from the day which saw Ernest Walter united to Lucy Heathwood, a young couple, in the newest bridal attire, were seen seated together, and the wife, leaning heavily upon the arm of him she had chosen, and looking tenderly into his eyes, was heard to say—

"Harry! I do not love you—do I?"

And she who spake thus, was called "Merry Alice Vale."

THE TELESCOPE:

OR, REASON AND FAITH.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

THEY tell of constellations,
 Where stars unnumbered shine,
 In ether's darksome depths concealed,
 Like diamonds in a mine;
 That orbs of burning light are there
 Sown thick as flowers appear,
 When spring in living beauty comes
 To crown earth's joyous year.

How wonderful the mystery
 That Learning's key can ope!
 The eye of proud Philosophy
 Directs his telescope;
 The milky-way is paved with suns,
 Revealed before his sight;
 The Magellanic clouds shine out
 Fair worlds of life and light.

And oh! what lovely visions
 Of clustering stars* are seen,
 Like fairies in their floating robes
 Of crimson, gold, and green;
 Or in that "purple light," whose rays
 Seem caught from Love and Youth,
 And thus the blissful mansions form
 Of Purity and Truth.

But vain may prove this knowledge,
 This vaunted light of mind,
 To lead the soul in onward search,
 The Source of Light to find:
 Oh, many wise astronomers
 In doubt and darkness grope!
 You ne'er may learn who form'd the stars,
 With Reason's telescope.

But Faith, the angel, bringeth
 Her lens of Love divine,
 Which needeth not the art of men
 To polish and refine;
 Which needeth not the scholar's lore,
 The science-practiced eye—
 The humblest soul that trusts in God
 Hath learn'd to read the sky.

Beyond the constellations,
 Beyond those primal suns,
 Which seem but diamond points of light
 Faith's strengthened vision runs;—
 Or guided by the clew divine,
 Which links the formless clod
 To Heaven's blest throne, it reads in all
 The workmanship of God!

Ye Solons of philosophy,
 Look up with trusting eye,
 Faith's lens within your telescope,
 So shall ye read the sky,
 And trace the glorious Maker's hand,
 And feel, as saith the Word,
 That "many mansions" are prepared
 For those who love the Lord,

* "Many thousands of stars that seem to be only brilliant points, when carefully examined are found to be, in reality, systems of two or more suns, some revolving about a common centre. These binary and multiple stars are so remote that they require the most powerful telescope to show them separately. The double stars are of various hues, but most frequently exhibit the contrasted colors. The larger star is generally yellow, orange, or red; and the small star blue, purple, or green. Sometimes a white star is combined with a blue or purple, and more rarely a red and white are united."—Mrs. Somerville.

A NIGHT WITH THE POETS.

[THERE is a pleasant interest in the following article, which we find in a London periodical, that commends itself to all. It purports to be from the "Note Book of a Foreign Nobleman," and is dated at Vienna, in 1839. It may have met the eye of some of our readers before. To most of them, however, it will be as fresh as if written a month ago.]—Ed.

I WAS one evening honored with an invitation to Lady Blessington's, at Kensington, when a large party of the English *literati* were expected; and I confess that I drove down the western road with the expectation of deriving much pleasure from the conversation of so many of the distinguished writers of a country remarkable for its literature, and the grace, eloquence, and classicality of its writers. To say that my expectations were realized, would be to state an untruth; for some of the persons I met there had quite a different personal appearance to what my fancy had sketched. D'Orsay I was well acquainted with, and I had been previously introduced to Lady Blessington, therefore I experienced no disappointment with regard to the *distingué* individuals who did the honours of the house. The Count was in a particularly lively mood, and his witticisms flew about in brilliant sparks; the effect of which is always enhanced by the ease with which they are produced. Lady Blessington was extremely agreeable, and the look of kindness and the friendly words which she bestowed upon all, were of themselves sufficient to inspire confidence and cordiality. I happened to be the first that arrived, and therefore had the opportunity of seeing the guests as they came in, and of hearing their names pronounced. I had not been long conversing with the talented Countess, before Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer was announced (it was before the author of *Pelham* received his baronetcy.) In him I was not disappointed. I expected just such a man as he is. Bulwer is a handsome well-formed man, with an effective countenance, which a profusion of whisker, and an aquiline nose, very materially assist. He came bounding into the room, with the air and manner of an emancipated schoolboy;

and though there was a little affectation in his style of talking, yet his conversation indicated the perfect and the polished gentleman.—D'Israeli came in soon after. I believe they had both come down in Bulwer's cab, for they are personal friends, although in the sea of politics they have parted company, and are now almost "wide as the poles asunder." There is more affectation in D'Israeli than in Bulwer. It appears that the former believes himself a great deal cleverer than he is, and wishes to pass for a profound and original thinker. He is shorter than Bulwer, and has a dark Jewish countenance. He dresses very gaudily; so much, indeed, that one can liken him only in appearance to a tailor's wooden doll, on which his best works are exhibited. He wears an abundance of rings and chains, and seems proud of them. I do not mean to deny that D'Israeli is a clever man; but he is not such a wonder as he fancies himself.

Presently, Mr. Rogers was announced, and I expected an interesting, fine-looking old gentleman; but how greatly I was mistaken. I saw a person with a very unsightly countenance, and which had not in it the least indication of a poetical mind. Yet Rogers is a true poet, and, as I am told, a very benevolent man.

Miss Landon was announced. Poor "L. E. L." who has gone to the grave in the prime of her life, and just as her fame was becoming established. Here again I was disappointed. I thought to see a pensive melancholy maid, with solemn gait, and consumptive cheek; but in came a merry intellectual-looking girl, with a light bounding step, dressed plainly, but elegantly, and nothing of the "sigh-away, die-away" character about her. Her conversation was lively and witty, and she seemed so happy when her sprightly sallies afforded her hearers any gratification. The circumstances attending her marriage to Mr. Maclean are not generally known, and the following particulars will, no doubt, be novel to the reader of this article. Mr. Maclean, as the governor of Cape Coast Castle, had distinguished himself by every trait that could do honor to the station which he held. No one could better appreci-

ate than "L. E. L." the high and sterling qualities of her lover's character, and she esteemed him the more, in consequence of his not approaching her with the adulation with which her ear had been accustomed to satiety. She was gratified by the manly nature of his attachment. Before he would permit Miss Landon to enter into an engagement with him, Mr. Maclean, in the most honorable manner, stated all the privations incident upon a residence at Cape Coast Castle. Ample time was permitted for her decision upon this important point; but she never for an instant wavered. With a perfect knowledge of the kind of life she would be obliged to lead, the entire seclusion from the society to which she had been accustomed, and the chance of not having a single female companion to cheer her solitude, she determined upon sharing the fortunes of the man she loved. Being desirous to avoid the bustle and parade of a public wedding, and the necessity which custom demands of seclusion from society, which would have abridged "L. E. L.'s" enjoyment of a visit paid to a family to whom she was strongly attached, the marriage ceremony was performed privately, in the presence of a few of the relatives of the bride, who returned to the hospitable mansion, which she only quitted for the purpose of plighting her vows; remaining with her friends until her departure from England, Mr. Maclean not taking up his residence under the same roof, even after the marriage had been publicly announced. During this interval, those who were in the habit of seeing "L. E. L." drew happy auguries from the gaiety and even joyousness which she manifested, the effect produced by the new hopes now cherished, being so striking, as to be universally remarked.

My glance fell upon Mr. Walter Savage Landor, an unsociable kind of man, who remained alone almost the whole evening, and I sometimes, as my eyes met his extraordinary figure, fancied that he was sneering at all of us, whose intellects were so much inferior to his own. Savage Landor is a tall, stout man, with a partially bald head. He dresses well, but not elegantly. He has written several works which cannot possibly become popular. *Pericles* and *Aspasia* is his best production; but it is too heavy and ponderous in its style ever to be generally admired.

Miller, the basket maker, came in next. He is a kind of pet, or *protégée* of Lady Blesington's, and her house, I believe, is always open to him. He was discovered in a humble abode, by the editor of one of the annuals, who engaged him to write poetry, which

attracted the attention of the Countess, who has since befriended him. He has the appearance of a respectable mechanic, but there is a great deal of intellectual expression in his eyes and lofty forehead. He is rather below the middle height, and generally wears his coat closely buttoned up.

Mary Russell Mitford was announced. I expected to see a genteel tall lady, elegantly dressed, with a bright sunny countenance, and a voice like a silver bell; but here was another disappointment: the authoress of "Our Village," I found to be a chubby, cosy, dame; carelessly dressed, and nothing silverlike in any of the tones of her voice. I wish I had never seen Miss Mitford, for I shall never read the delightful sketches in "Our Village" with half the pleasure I used to read them before my fancy picture of the authoress was destroyed by the reality.

Then came Miss Martineau; and here I was not disappointed. I felt no wish to add this lady's portrait to my collection.

My attention was called off by hearing the name of Leigh Hunt pronounced. This is, perhaps, the most unfortunate of living poets; he has been toiling all his life, and in the course of it written many beautiful things, and yet he is not a rich man; quite the reverse. He is tall and well-formed, with something boyish, however, in his general appearance; his hair, which was once black, but is now grey, he wears parted, and this may give to his countenance that peculiar look I have just described. He also wears his shirt collar loose, without a cravat. His eyes are black and expressive.

I had not noticed the entrance of Tom Moore, and was suddenly made sensible of his presence by hearing the keys of the piano struck, and one of the sweetest voices in the world singing his own "Last Rose of Summer." It was, indeed, a voice which one could wish associated with the author of the Irish melodies; but he does not look like the author of these delightful poems. He is a little dapper man, with a pleasant good-humored countenance, and is particularly attentive to the ladies. The poetry of Moore resembles the *Peris* it has celebrated. It is all light, and life, and beauty, and brilliance. It has a mingled delicacy and a sprightliness to which we can attach no term more appropriate than *aërial*. Its perusal is a delicious dream, abstracting us from the dull realities of the cold calculating world we inhabit, and embodying to the delighted imagination all that the most romantic of youthful enthusiasts can picture in their wildest visions. We be-

come the wanderers of a region where the sunshine of the heart is over every object,

"Whose air is the young breath of passionate thought—

Whose very trees take root in love;—"

A region where the sense aches with intensity of pleasurable emotions, and where only the gentlest and tenderest of our human passions seem to exist; where youth acquires fresh buoyancy and bloom of heart; and age recognizes, at every step, a remembered feeling of tenderness and pleasure; where the spirit reposes in a voluptuousness so exquisite, we scruple to think or name it such—a voluptuousness so divested of impurity that, if severe Virtue sometimes frowns upon its indulgence, Vice has, at least, no definite share in its effects. The former may shrink with a cold caution from the enchanted cup, but the latter can instil no poison into its contents. Moore, seems to possess, in an extraordinary degree, the most intense susceptibility of enjoyment; the power of extracting pleasure from the simplest sources—of assimilating with every external object some emotion of fondness or delight. He looks upon nature with the eye of a lover as well as of a poet, and sees nothing in her beauty or magnificence which does not add to the delicacy and freshness of his perceptions; nothing from which he cannot draw a thousand grateful associations, or which does not quicken his natural zest for all things brilliant and beautiful. The aspirations of his genius are the very reverse of Byron's. *One* would sparkle for ever in the sunshine—mingle with congenial spirits, and revel delightedly amidst

"All that the young heart loves most;
Flowers—music—smiles."

The *other* would dwell eternally in the terrible world of his own dark imaginings; or, if he condescends to *this*, would make his haunt in its sublimest solitudes,

"Breathing

The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite."

Even where his haughty spirit expresses sympathy with human suffering, he indicates a proud impatience of his affinity to its object, and would make us sensible how far he *condescends* in *deigning* to feel for men. He

"Feels himself degraded back to them,
And is all clay again."

The only other poet, a stranger in England

need be anxious to see, I had already made the acquaintance of, and greatest of living poets is he. I mean Wordsworth. He lives as a poet should. Imagine the southern continuation of the vale of Keswick for a dozen miles, its sides coming almost together in places, and here and there spreading out again to make room for a lake, with its tiny islands and its velvet margin of lawns, lying just at the base of the shaggy-maned mountains that lift their proud heads over them all around—the sublime with the lovely at its feet, like the lion and the lamb reposing together. One of these lakes, Grassmere, is above Wordsworth's place, the Rydal is below it. High up the side of one of those, on the eastern side of the lakes, Wordsworth's cottage, one story, stone, is perched at a point from which he can look down upon both the lakes. The whole mountain is sprinkled thick with foliage, and the house itself is nestled so snugly in its little niche of a hollow, and protected so well by its shrubbery and trees, that I think it is nowhere to be seen from the coach road below, which winds up and down through the valley, along the edge of the lakes. The view is not complete even from the windows. The poet very kindly took me over the surrounding grounds, to shew me here and there, at the end of the dusky walls, whose construction and care have given his own hands some morning pastime, the eyrie peeps at the landscape below him, which he has thus skilfully managed to gain. It is evident he takes great pleasure in them. The glorious and beautiful nature which is spread before him is no neglected bounty. It is a continual feast to him. He pointed out to me what he enjoyed in the various views as he passed on through the winding alleys, he leading the way with his grey frock and his old Quaker-rimmed white hat on, and talking as he walked, of lawns and lakes, and hills and dells, and cottages and curling smokes;—it was really like another "Excursion." Much of the verdure, he said, now clothing the mountain sides, continues vivid during the winter. We were crossing a small spot of his own, which he keeps merely to look at its soft, silky, cheerful greenness, and he asked me if I did not notice the loveliness of the English lawns. He thought there was no such thing elsewhere, and said there was even a moral beauty in them, and that they were civilizing and soothing to the soul. *Virtuous and happy old man!* But I have quitted Kensington, and the guests at Lady Blessington's, and I only return for the purpose of making my *adieux*.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

A STRAUSS WALTZ.

[Translated from the French.]

Doctor.—You see her eyes are open.

Gentlewoman.—Aye, but their sense is shut.—MACBETH.

I.

ON the eve of Saint Sylvester, there was a ball at the Court of F—. The Grand-duchess entered the gallery where the band of the *Kranwinkel* regiment was stationed, followed by her first maid of honor, Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein, whose appearance produced a much greater sensation than that of the Grand-duchess herself, and who was greeted at every step by kind and complimentary remarks.

"It is really too bad," cried Madame de Rothenwald, "too unsuitable, to come to the ball in a simple muslin dress, without ornaments of any kind; it is incredible!"

"It was not so in my day," said the old Comtesse de Nollingen, formerly grand-maitresse of the court, taking snuff; "the late Grand-duchess would never have permitted such a thing. But the court itself is entirely changed; then we should very soon have assigned to her proper place such an impertinent as this Otilie de Wolkenstein."

"Aunt, aunt," interrupted little Stephanie, "have you observed the flowers which Otilie holds in her hand? A large bouquet of magnificent moss-roses."

"What do you say, you little simpleton?" asked Madame de Nollingen; "moss-roses on St. Sylvester? why they are not found even in the hot-houses of Grand-dukes, at this season."

"Stephanie says very truly, however," replied Madame de Rothenwald. "I have seen the bouquet of Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein, and should very much like to know who has been able to obtain them for her."

"It could only have been the Prince," said the ex-grand-maitresse, with a gesture of impatience.

"Oh, no! aunt, it was not him; and if Otilie is not more guarded, the Prince will escape her; he is, already, half enamored of the little lady Emily."

"What! that English woman whose long hair falls down to her waist?" asked Madame de Rothenwald.

"Even so: she talks to him of dogs and horses, and it is believed that Otilie will find in this little lady a very dangerous rival. Besides, I think I am able to solve the mystery of this bouquet. On Sunday, Otilie said before Major Ebersdorf, that she would give a great deal for a bouquet of moss-roses on the last day of the year. Now, there lives at Dilsheim, an old American, enormously rich, who expends a large part of his fortune in the cultivation of flowers: at his house roses are as abundant in January as in June—"

"Well!" interrupted Madame de Nollingen, "What of all that?"

"Softly, my aunt. M. Ebersdorf left F— yesterday evening, and did not return till this morning, just in time to take his place near the Grand-duke."

"And you suppose," said Madame de Rothenwald, "that Frederick has been spending the night in looking for roses at Dilsheim for De Wolkenstein? He would have to be very deeply in love, indeed, to take so much pains."

Stephanie burst into a laugh.

"My dear Madame de Rothenwald, where have you been this long while? You have not observed, then, that, for four weeks past, he has danced with no one but Otilie? You do not know, then, that he loves her madly?"

"Mademoiselle, my neice," said Madame de Nollingen, "it would be much better if you were to meddle less with the affairs of other persons. You are too curious, and too talkative: defects which I never could tolerate."

"My aunt never reproves me until she has heard all I have to say," murmured Stephanie.

"If Ebersdorf loves Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein," said Madame de Rothenwald, "that will explain the reason why, notwithstanding the repeatedly expressed wishes of the court, he has constantly refused to marry Henriette

de Frankenthal. The day before yesterday, the Grand-duke, who appears very desirous that this marriage should take place, gave the Comte to understand, that on the day he became the husband of la Frankenthal he should wear the little plate of the Pelican."

"And he refused!" interrupted the old Comtesse Nollingen.

"He asked four days for reflection."

"Four days for reflection whether he will accept or not the plate of the Pelican! Hesitate when such a favor is proffered, and he but twenty-five! Heavens! When I think that my brother did not receive the cross till he was thirty-nine, and the plate at fifty-six; and that the late M. de Nollingen did not receive the *grand cordon* till ten days before his death, at sixty-five years of age, after having been, successively, grand cup-bearer, grand-chamberlain, and intendant of the theatre of the court. Ah! Madame, the times have changed, indeed!" and the old Comtesse rose to dissipate her indignation by walking in one of the gaming saloons.

Madame de Rothenwald took the arm of Stephanie, and they walked to another part of the saloon to look on a contra-danse, which was forming.

"This is strange, however, Stephanie, and does not comport very well with your history; there is Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein, who is to dance with the Grand-equery, and directly opposite to them, is standing Ebersdorf with la Frankenthal."

"It is because his Royal Highness has commanded the Major to dance the first *frangaise* with Henrietta. But did you not, also, observe the look which Otilie threw upon Ebersdorf? I am convinced that she is furious, and that Frederick will pay dear for this contra-danse, for she detests la Frankenthal."

"Do you believe, then, that she loves the Comte?"

"She! the cold, the haughty Otilie! She will never love,—or even if that were possible, she would die a thousand deaths before she would let it be known. But I believe she desires to hold him in bondage like all other men who approach her."

"In this case, however, she will find her equal, for Ebersdorf is quite as indomitable as herself. Love, between these two, would be a combat to the death between two as haughty beings as could be found in the world."

The object of this conversation, Otilie de Wolkenstein, was the personification of feminine dignity. Nothing could be more classical than the form of her head, nothing more irreproachably pure than her countenance.

Her hair, of a fine dark flaxen, parted upon a brow truly imperial, and her superb air, and the habitually disdainful expression of her mouth, seemed to say that nothing worthy of her existed on earth. Raised in the middle of the Court, under the eyes of the Grand-duchess, who displayed toward her an affection almost maternal, Otilie soon found herself the point of admiration of the little circle which surrounded her. Her extreme beauty, with the position she occupied, brought to her feet all the men of the Grand-duchy, beginning with the hereditary Prince himself.

This glittering success, the admiration and envy which accompanied her steps, soon smothered that germ of sensibility and affection which exists in the heart of every woman, and developed, in an extraordinary degree, that love of domination of which none are entirely deprived. The life of Otilie was to reign over all others. Apparently too cold to appreciate a pure affection in another, she seemed not so much to desire a love exalted and profound, as an absolute devotion to her will, and a perpetual sacrifice to her self-love. In spite of all the disdain she displayed towards her followers—indeed, it was perhaps on this account—she was surrounded by despairing lovers. No man dared approach her except at the risk of losing his reason, and none among them could tell, exactly, in what consisted the wonderful attraction of this magnificent young girl. Some said it was owing to a magnetic influence; others to that air of calm, royal serenity, which attracts one like the aspect of a pure, transparent lake that reflects a sky without clouds. Others, again, thought the charm existed in her voice, whose delicious and silvery tones nothing could resist. But if they were unable to discover the cause of her power, they were not the less under its influence, and they continued to worship without hope.

The *frangaise* concluded, the Grand-equery led Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein to her place; but in pursuing their way, they were frequently stopped by the crowd; in one of the compulsory detentions, they found Lady Emily and her mother just in front of them.

"I do not understand," said the latter, "why you have refused to dance the cotillion with M. de Thalheim!"

"Because I am almost sure of having the Prince for a partner," replied the daughter.

"The Prince! has he really engaged you?"

"No; but he just now asked me if I had seen the stables of the Grand-duke; then, if I ever danced the cotillion, and, upon my affirmative reply, he added, *I dance it also*. Thus,

you see, mamma, it is the same as if he had absolutely engaged me."

The mother gave her head an incredulous toss. Otilie, who, thanks to her knowledge of the English language, had heard and understood all that passed between them, resolved to thwart the plans of the Lady Emily.

"With what happy mortal do you dance the midnight waltz?"* said the Grand-duchess to her beautiful favorite, laughing, when at half past eleven the first measures of *La Gabrielle*, that pearl of Strauss's waltzes, were struck. Otilie had hardly time to say that she was engaged to M. d'Ebersdorf, when that gentleman came to claim his partner.

No one, without he has passed sometime in Germany, can conceive of all the effect produced by these delicious waltzes, successively sad and lively, amorous and warlike, which intoxicate and soften. The inspiration with which they are played, and the rapture with which they are danced, must be witnessed to be appreciated. At a German ball the music and the dancing are not separate—music, alone, does not constitute a Strauss waltz; the clicking of spurs, the rustling of dresses, the noise of feet upon the inlaid floor, are as essential to these waltzes as the instruments of the orchestra.

At the sound of the clock striking twelve, the waltz ceased, and the orchestra saluted, with joyful flourishes, the arrival of the new year, every body embraced, every one laughed. In the midst of this universal joy, Frederick wished to profit by the sweet privilege allowed at this moment so much desired; breathing some unintelligible words in her ears, he attempted to imprint the permitted kiss upon the cheek of Otilie, but she repulsed him rudely, and reddening with anger, eyed him from head to foot, with the air of an offended queen. M. d'Ebersdorf, disconcerted and astonished, had hardly coolness enough to say, with a forced smile,

"It seems to me you owe me that, at least, for my roses."

"I beg you will take them again, and give them to whom you please. I do not wish to keep them on those terms."

"Otilie —"

"Monsieur d'Ebersdorf, I do not know by what right you address me thus."

Frederick bit his lips.

The waltz recommenced and was concluded

without another word from his lips. Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein returned to her place, and occupied herself with watching the movements of Lady Emily, who, with evident impatience, sought the eyes of the prince, and saw those of Major d'Ebersdorf, who was seated beside Mademoiselle de Frankenthal, whispering in her ear with an unusual degree of earnestness. At this moment the prince himself, his breast covered with the decoration of the Pelican, presented himself before her in all his splendor.

After salutations passed:

"Monseigneur," said Otilie, who understood very well the weak side of this illustrious personage, "will you permit me to ask after Sultan?"

The countenance of his Royal Highness, lighted up at this touching mark of condescension from a person so little accustomed to show it to any one. He seated himself by her side, and she pressed him to give her the fullest information with regard to the health of his favorite horse. Finding that she listened with so much attention, and with such an interested air, the noble heir of the grand ducal crown became expansive. He deigned to submit to his beautiful interlocutor his vast plans for a general amelioration in all the branches of the government, and apprised her of his determination to demand of his august father on the occasion of a great manœuvre which was shortly to take place, new parade uniforms for all the officers of the Grand-ducal army, although the regulations required that they should receive them only once in three years, and these had been worn but two years and a half. "But," observed his Royal Highness, by way of a concluding argument, "the uniforms of these gentlemen are, really, too shabby to be worn any longer."

The complaisance of Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein was so perfect, and she listened with such a lively interest to what the Prince said, that he was completely intoxicated with his success, and asked, in leaving, the honor to dance in the cotillion with her.

Otilie accepted and threw a glance of triumph at Lady Emily, and then at Monsieur de Ebersdorf, who continued to converse with Mademoiselle de Frankenthal.

Four days previously, Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein had made an engagement to dance the cotillion of St. Sylvester with Frederick. Although she had deeply wounded him, the good breeding of the Comte, and another sentiment which he did not like to acknowledge even to himself, prevented him from forgetting this promise. At the moment when prepara-

* The midnight waltz of St. Sylvester is very popular amongst dancers, because at the first stroke of the clock which sounds the last hour of the year, the gentleman is allowed the privilege of kissing his partner.

tions were making to form the cotillion, he came, with an extreme coldness of manner, it is true, to fulfil his engagement.

"You must pardon my treacherous memory, Monsieur le Comte," replied she, with a disdainful air, "but I had forgotten this engagement of which you come to remind me, and a little while ago made another."

Frederick trembled with anger.

"May I have the honor of knowing with whom?" asked he, controlling himself with a great effort.

The Prince advanced to give his hand to Otilie. At this moment Lady Emily and her mother passed across the gallery to the door.

"Monsieur d'Ebersdorf, will you have the goodness to lead the cotillion," vociferated the Prince, and Frederick immediately placed himself with Mademoiselle de Frankenthal, at the left of his royal highness.

In the thousand and one figures of this capricious dance, it so happened that M. d'Ebersdorf and Otilie were thrown together, and separated a little from the rest of the company.

"I am obliged to you, Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein," said the Comte, in a contemptuous tone, "for the lesson you have given me. You place yourself always either too high or too low. I can only thank you for having opened my eyes before it was too late."

"What do you say, Monsieur le Comte?"

"That I wish to have nothing to do with the favorite of a Prince."

Her royal partner returned too soon to enable Otilie to make any other reply than an indignant look, to these base and outrageous remarks. The proud young girl felt for the first time in her life, perhaps, deeply humiliated. She lost her habitual calm, and endeavored to hide her intense anger and agitation, under a light and gay demeanor; but during supper, seated near the Prince, and the object of his marked attention, her excessive gaiety caused a general surprise.

The next day, at the levee of the Grand-duke, M. d'Ebersdorf asked of his sovereign the favor of being sent immediately on some foreign mission. The Grand-duke consented, at once, to his request. Four days after, Frederick, charged with a special mission to the court of St. Petersburg, quitted F—— with his despatches.

II.

A YEAR rolled round full of very interesting events for the city of F——. The hereditary

Prince was married to the Princess of . . . , which event was followed by numberless fêtes; the Grand-duke on this occasion founded an order of civil merit, which caused considerable anxiety to the counsellors of the Grand-duchy. The Chapel-master of the court, finding a better appointment, eloped with the prima donna, first singer of the grand-ducal chamber, to the prodigious scandal of every body. The principal huntsman was disgraced for having said that Napoleon was a man of genius, and Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein was very ill of a disease which the physicians of their royal highnesses did not understand. Some believed that she had taken cold at a wedding party, for she had hardly gotten home, after witnessing the ceremony before she was seized with chills, which continued more than three hours, and remained in her bed six weeks, a prey to an almost incessant fever. Since then, she had suffered a great deal, and it was thought that she had a disease of the heart, for when she encountered any thing exciting, or was thrown into circumstances which caused the least emotion, she was subject to violent convulsions, during which she constantly carried her hand to her heart as if to repress its beating, or to confine it within the encasement it threatened to break. The waltz, above all, was rigorously interdicted—she no longer accompanied the Grand-duchess in public, and even begged to be excused from attending the little soirees, for she was unable to hear a waltz without shedding tears.

The eve of St. Sylvester had again come. M. d'Ebersdorf who had returned from St. Petersburg but three days previously, assisted at the court ball, which resembled exactly all those given on the same occasion for the past ten years. Otilie who, on this evening, was more ill than she had been for some time, was compelled to keep her bed, and the Grand-duchess, before descending to the reception saloon, wishing to embrace and bid good-night to the still dearly loved invalid, went into her apartment, but found her in such a profound sleep that she would not waken her.

A very animated waltz had commenced. M. d'Ebersdorf, retained in the little circle of the court, was waiting until the Grand-duke, who was entertaining them with a hunt of monstrous rabbits which he had projected, had finished speaking to seek his partner. Suddenly a general movement of surprise was apparent, the waltz stopped, the music ceased, and the ladies and gentlemen formed into groups, conversing in a low tone. A female, clothed in white, walked across the gallery, and, motioning those aside whom she

found in her way, went directly to Ebersdorf, who, on seeing her, recoiled as from a spectre.

"Come, Frederick, to the waltz," said she, in a tone, the enchanting sweetness of which no words could describe, "this time you will waltz with me."

"Outilie!"

A prey to the most violent emotion, this was all he could articulate.

"For the love of heaven, Monsieur le Comte," interrupted the physician, to the Grand-duchess, who examined Mademoiselle de Wolkenstein attentively, "do not oppose her! Do all she asks, and above all, do not awaken her. *She sleeps*, and to rouse her up, suddenly, would be to destroy her life."

Frederick was scarcely able to sustain himself—the presence of this phantom suddenly appearing before him, a sad memento of the past. This superb creature, withered by disease, and broken down by suffering, her large blue eyes seemingly fixed upon some invisible object, her royal brow, upon which the angel of death appeared already to have cast the shadow of his wing,—the proud Outilie, white and inanimate as a marble statue, come thus, in her sleep to visit the field of her ancient victories, all appeared to him like a dream, an illusion, a thing too horrible to be real. He trembled with affright, in feeling the grasp of the icy hand which seized his.

"Come," repeated Outilie, "why do you wait?"

Ebersdorf followed her, mechanically, and the waltz recommenced. Light as the perfumed dust of a flower, impalpable as a shadow from the land of spirits, she floated on the air rather than danced, and no one heard the sound of her footsteps.

The waltz was finished:

"It is too hot here, let us go and breathe the fresh air," said she, leading the Comte towards the principal window of the gallery, which she opened, and they both walked out upon a balcony which overlooked the gardens of the chateau.

The earth reposed under a virgin mantle of snow, faintly lighted up by the cold winter moon, in magnificent silence. All was still, even to the wind which slept in the naked branches of the trees; neither upon earth, nor in heaven did the sadness of nature find a voice.

"How calm is all around us!" said Outilie, seating herself, and making Ebersdorf sit down beside her. "Do you see the willows below, on the border of the pond? like Ophelia and Desdemona weeping—I, too, have wept, a year to-day. Oh! Frederick, I have suffered

much; but it was necessary that I should suffer to purchase the felicity I enjoy at this moment. How sublime is happiness! In my misery I cursed heaven—I did not believe in God—since I have been happy He has entered my soul like a torrent of light or fire. Holy religion of love! I prostrate myself before thee. I hear the celestial choirs of the stars, I see open the gates of eternal life; I am surrounded by felicity, it envelopes me like a vestment of flame! Frederick, my beloved, place thy hand upon my heart. Do you feel it beat, that heart they said was so much diseased? It only struggled to reach you, and you were afar off. Now that it feels you near, it is all calm!"

"Miserable fool that I have been!" cried Frederick, forgetting, in the violence of his despair, the precautions of the physician. "All is finished now—happiness, hope for the future, are all gone now beyond recovery! Oh, pride, pride!"

"Pride!" slowly repeated Outilie, "by that I have suffered so much—pride and then jealousy. Why did you dance with la Frankenthal?—why did you talk so much with her? Jealousy devoured me and you saw it not,—my heart was broken, yet you did not suspect it. Where are the roses you sent me? it seems to me that I still perceive their perfume. And the kiss I refused you! Ah Frederick, if you had known what I suffered! Tell me you loved not her! answer me, Frederick, have you loved her?"

"Never!" said the Comte, in hollow voice, choked by emotion.

"And have you always loved me?"

"More than my life," answered he, hiding his face in his handkerchief.

"What a future of happiness opens before us!" continued Outilie, resting her head affectionately on the shoulder of the Comte; we will go through life together, a support to one another. O heaven! I am too happy——"

She ceased to speak; her lips still moved but no sound came from them. She appeared to be sleeping, with her eyes open. Suddenly, the first notes of a waltz were heard. She sprang up.

"Do you hear, Frederick, the midnight waltz! the same that was played this night a year ago—La Gabrielle, my favorite waltz! you will dance with me, henceforth, always with me."

She re-entered the gallery supported on the arm of the Comte.

She traversed with a bound the double line of waltzers, and commenced dancing with a species of fury, without once stopping. She

turned as if carried around by a whirlwind. "Faster!" repeated she each instant, "faster!" and the music increased so much in rapidity, that Frederick was hardly able to follow her movements in this frightful waltz. Midnight struck. Out of breath, and exhausted, she almost let herself fall into his arms.

"That kiss—which I refused thee—that kiss—take it," said she, in a panting voice.

"Otilie, my life, my only love!" cried

Frederick, completely beside himself, pressing her passionately to his heart, and glueing his lips to her's.

A frightful cry was heard. Otilie escaped from the arms of the Comte, and fell at his feet in frightful convulsions. "Thunder of heaven! Monsieur le Comte you have awakened her!" cried the Grand-duke.

"The danger is past, now," said the physician, "she will never awaken again in this world."

TO A BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

Thou hast a merry, laughing look, sweet child;
And thy long golden tresses gracefully
Wave to the soft voluptuous breeze. The wild
And flashing glance, that comes from thy dark
eye,
Is eloquent with meaning;—and thy brow,
Hath in its high arched beauty more of heaven
Than e'en the thoughts of many worshipers, who
bow,
Yet scarce know why, then deem themselves for-
given.
Shine on! for thou art very beautiful;
Bright hope hath plumed for thee his rainbow
wing,
And joy hath sought the richest flowers to cull,
To braid thy life's fresh garland.—And the spring
Of thy young fancies, in its upward gush,
Is swelling clearly now; though, soon, perhaps,
Its sources may be troubled.—And the hush,
That soothed thy spirit's wanderings, relapse,
Into a stormy chaos. There will come
Hours, when thy soul awearied of this life
Will seek to close its senses to the hum,

Of gaudy flutterers, and the sons of strife.
Then wilt thou ope the chambers of thy mind;
(When the gay world seems curtained from the
sight,
And all the things of visible sense, confined
To the brief circle of a taper's light,)
And in the quietude of that lone hour,
Will rise the visions of forgotten things,
Of days long past; when in the summer bower
Thou didst enjoy the fairy whisperings,
Of the tremulous leaves. And the soft press
Of that hand fondly clasped within thine own,
Whose eyes met thine with equal tenderness;
Whose voice, e'en now, when'er its sweet low
tone
Comes up within thy memory, doth start
A quicker pulse; and calls the eloquent blood,
From the intricate wanderings of the heart,
To mantle o'er thy brow. And it is good
That we should have a well, wherein the things
Of other days are treasured; so that the soul,
May drink of its own waters; when the springs
Of the world's fountains are dried up.

THE INVOLUNTARY PRAYER OF HAPPINESS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

I HAVE enough, oh God! My heart, to-night,
Runs over with the fulness of content;
As I look out upon the fragrant stars,
And from the beauty of the night take in
My priceless portion—yet myself no more
Than in the universe a grain of sand—
I feel His glory who could make a world,
Yet in the lost depths of the wilderness
Leave not a flower imperfect!

Rich, though poor!

My low roof'd cottage is, this hour, a Heaven!
Music is in it—and the song she sings,
That sweet voic'd wife of mine, arrests the ear
Of my young child, awake upon her knee;

And, with his calm eye on his master's face
My noble hound lies couchant; and all here—
All in this little home, yet boundless Heaven—
Are, in such love as I have power to give,
Blessed to overflowing!

Thou, who look'st
Upon my brimming heart this tranquil eve,
Knowest its fulness, as thou dost the dew
Sent to the hidden violet by Thee!
And, as that flower from its unseen abode
Sends its sweet breath up duly to the sky,
Changing its gift to incense—so, oh God!
May the sweet drops that to my humble cup
Find their far way from Heaven, send back, in prayer,
Fragrance at thy throne welcome!

For the Ladies' Magazine.

THE LITTLE MEMBER.

"In trouble again, I find! Ah Flora! that restless little tongue of yours is a sad transgressor. Why will you not learn to be more careful? Why do you not place a guard upon your lips, as well as upon your actions?"

"So I do, aunt, when I think myself in the company of tattlers and mischief makers."

"I do not think Mary Lee either a tattler or a mischief maker," replied the aunt, gravely.

"Then why did she run off to Ellen Gray, and tell her what I had said?"

"She might have done so from far different motives than those you are inclined to attribute to her," said Mrs. Marion, the aunt of Flora Mere. "And from my knowledge of her character, I feel very sure, that her conduct in this, has been governed by a strict regard to right principles."

"But what possible end could she have had in view in repeating to Ellen my thoughtlessly spoken words? It could do her no good."

"There she is at the door now," Mrs. Marion replied, glancing out of the window. "We will ask the question direct, as soon as Betty has admitted her."

The blood mounted to Flora's cheek as her aunt said this, and her own eye caught a glimpse of the young lady whose conduct she had been so strongly condemning. The aunt and her niece sat silent until Mary Lee entered.

Here we will take the opportunity to mention the cause of the unpleasant state of affairs between Flora and her young friend. On the day before, while in company with Mary Lee, and one or two other of her acquaintances, she very thoughtlessly, and not exactly in the right spirit, repeated some remarks she had heard about Ellen Gray that reflected upon her rather unfavorably. Mary Lee at once attempted to vindicate her friend, but Flora maintained that the allegations were certainly true, for she had them from an undoubted source. Mary asked that source, but she declined mentioning it, on the ground that she did not wish to violate the confidence reposed

in her by the individual who related the facts she had repeated.

"It would, perhaps be better not to mention any thing of this kind," Mary Lee said, "unless the author be given, and full liberty, at the same time, to make the most free enquiries as to the truth of what is alleged."

"And get up to your ears in hot water," returned Flora, tossing her head.

"Even that would be better than to let any one suffer from an untrue statement."

"Ah! But suppose it should be true?"

"Let the guilt rest upon the right head—where it ought to rest. But save the innocent from unjust allegations. That is my doctrine."

"A very good doctrine, no doubt," Flora returned; "if you can act it out."

Here the subject was dropped. On the next morning, Mary Lee called in to see her young friend Ellen Gray. After conversing for a short time she said—

"I heard, yesterday, Ellen, that at Mrs. Harvey's party, you acted towards Mr. Evelyn with much discourtesy of manner, besides actually telling an untruth."

"I am unconscious of having done either the one or the other of these," Ellen replied, in a quiet tone.

"I believed you innocent," Mary said, with a brightening countenance. "But what ground is there for the idle, ill-natured gossip that has got on the wind?"

"Not much, if any. I declined dancing with Evelyn, as I had a perfect right to do."

"Did you tell him you were engaged for the next cotillion?"

"No, certainly not, for I had no engagement then."

"It is said, that when he asked you to dance, you excused yourself on the plea that you were already engaged."

"Who says this?"

"Flora Mere."

"How does she know?"

"That I cannot tell. She declined giving her authority."

"Then, of course, I must believe her the author of the fabrication."

"No—that does not certainly follow. I do not believe Flora would be guilty of such a thing. But, like too many, she is ready to believe another capable of doing almost any thing that may happen to be alleged. And like the same class of persons, too ready to repeat what she has heard, no matter how injuriously it may effect the subject of the allegation—while a false principle of honor prevents the open declaration of the source from which the information has been derived."

"Be that as it may, I shall see Flora Mere at once, and ask her for the authority upon which the statement rests."

It was to give you an opportunity of doing this, that I have come and freely told what I heard."

"Thank you, Mary. I wish all the world were as frank and as conscientious as you are. I shall, of course, mention from whom I derived my information."

"You are at perfect liberty to do so. I try never to say or do any thing that requires concealment."

It was perhaps an hour afterwards, that Flora Mere was surprised by a visit from Ellen Gray. She had an instinctive consciousness of the cause of this visit, which made the blood mount to her face, as she took the hand of her friend. She was not long in doubt.

"Flora," said Ellen, a few minutes after she had entered, "Mary Lee came in to see me this morning, and mentioned that you had made some statements about me, which are not true. As, that I refused to dance with Mr. Evelyn, under the plea of a prior engagement, when, in fact, no such engagement existed."

"I think Mary Lee had very little to do!" Flora returned, petulently, the color deepening on her face and brow, "to tattle about what she hears in company."

"But reflect," Ellen said, mildly, "that the charge against me was one of falsehood—no light charge—and that Mary had every reason to believe me incapable of uttering what was not true. And further, remember, that you declined giving your informant, so as to place it in her power to ascertain upon what basis the statement rested. Reverse the case. Suppose I had heard that you had done some wrong act; and, instead of carefully satisfying myself whether it were really so or not, were to begin circulating the story wherever I went. Would you not deem her a true friend, who, instead of joining in the general condemnation, were

to come to you and put it into your power to vindicate your character? Certainly you would. Just in the relation which that true friend would, under the imagined circumstances, stand to you, now stands Mary Lee to me. She has put it into my power to arrest a report which I find is circulating to my injury. It is true that I declined dancing with Mr. Evelyn. But it is not true that I stated to him that I was engaged. I was not engaged, and to have said that I was, would have been to have told a deliberate falsehood. May I, then, ask you from what source you derived your information?"

Flora cast her eyes upon the floor, and sat silent for some time. Her pride struggled hard with her sense of justice. At length she said, looking up, and breathing heavily,

"I would rather not mention my informant, Ellen. It will only make difficulty. You will go to her, and then there will be trouble. I think you had better let the matter rest where it is. I do not, now, believe what I heard. The person who told me, was, no doubt, mistaken."

"But, Flora, that would not be right. You have already repeated what you heard so publicly, that it is possible at least fifty persons now believe me guilty of having spoken an untruth. You should have reflected before hand. Now it is too late to let the matter drop. My character is at stake, and I am bound to vindicate it. This I shall have to do in such a manner as to fully clear myself from the charge. The consequence will be, as you may at once perceive, that upon you will rest the burden of having originated a false charge against me. Then, if not now, you will feel it your duty to give the name of your friend. This, you had much better do at once. No doubt she has been led into a mistake by a too hasty judgment of my acts, but half understood. She may have observed Mr. Evelyn ask me to dance, and have naturally inferred that I declined, on the ground of a previous engagement. This being in her mind, she may have too hastily concluded, when she soon afterwards saw me accept another offer, that I had not spoken the truth at the time I refused to dance with Evelyn. All this can easily be explained, and the matter put to rest."

Flora hesitated for a short time, and then said—

"It was Araminta Thomas who told me."

"Thank you for this information. Will you now go with me to see Araminta?"

"I would rather not," Flora returned.

"I think it would be better for you to do so,

Flora," urged Ellen. But she could not be persuaded.

"I must then go alone," Ellen said, rising and bidding Flora good morning.

In a little while she was at the house of Araminta Thomas. Ellen entered at once upon the business of her visit by stating what she had heard. Araminta looked confused, but denied saying that Ellen had actually told Evelyn she was engaged for the next cotillion.

"Then what did you say?" mildly asked Ellen.

"I said," replied Araminta, "that I saw you decline Evelyn's offer for your hand."

"But did not say that I told him I was engaged?"

"*Not positively; I only inferred, as was natural, that you declined on that ground.*"

"Was your communication to Flora mere inferential?"

"It was."

"But she says you told her that you heard me say I was engaged."

"In that she is mistaken. I inferred that your refusal to dance was for the reason stated. But I did not *know* that it was, and, therefore, only gave my own impression."

"Which Flora has taken for the truth, and so repeated."

"On my authority?"

"Yes. After having been pressed by me very closely."

"In that she was wrong. But I suppose I was as wrong in giving an impression which might not be a true one, as she has been in giving my impressions as actual facts, and making me responsible for them. But will you, as matters have taken this serious and unexpected turn, give me the exact truth. I will then, so far as in my power lies, endeavor to correct what I have done."

"Most cheerfully. You know, as well as I do, that Evelyn has not acted in some things with that honor and integrity that becomes a gentleman?"

"I do."

"It was on this ground that I declined. He asked me if I was engaged in the next set? I said no. He then proffered his hand, which I declined. In a little while after, and while sitting beside you, a gentleman wished to have me as a partner. I accepted his invitation. This is the simple truth."

"And so it seems," Araminta said, with a sober face, "that while you were rebuking vice, and standing up with dignified, virtuous firmness in the cause of our sex, I was misjudging you. And not only that, was so far influenced by an improper spirit, as to impart

to others my wrong impressions to your injury. Alas! poor, weak human nature! I feel rebuked and humbled. More for what I thought, than for what I said, for out of the heart proceedeth evil thoughts. If I had not had something wrong here, I would not have been so ready to misjudge you. But, all that I can do to repair the wrong, I am ready to do."

"All I ask is, that you correct Flora, and take some little care to see, that where she has imparted a wrong impression, the true one is given in its place."

"That I will do with all my heart," Araminta replied. "I will see Flora this very hour."

"Do so, and you shall have not only my thanks, but my esteem and love. We are all liable to do wrong. But to confess and repair the wrong we have done, as far as we can, is noble. In so doing, power is given us to conquer in all the temptations that may assail us."

As soon as Ellen had retired, Araminta went out and called upon Flora. She found her troubled and mortified at the turn matters had taken. She tried to excuse herself for what she had done, and insisted, at first, that Araminta had actually stated all she had said of Ellen Gray's conduct. But this point she soon had to give up. Araminta was too positive, and her own memory a little too clear on the subject. In fact, when the whole truth came fully to the light, it was very apparent, that if there were any falsehood in the matter she was the most guilty. Certain it was, that Ellen Gray was innocent, in every particular, of the charge that had been made against her.

Mrs. Marion knew nothing of all this, until the day after Ellen Gray had called upon Flora. Then her neice, whose troubled looks had not escaped her notice, gave a relation of what had occurred. It was in reply to this that the opening remarks of our story were made. When Mary Lee came in, as the reader has seen, Flora received her coldly. Mrs. Marion, on the contrary, welcomed her with genuine cordiality.

"I am glad to see you, Mary," she said—"And particularly at this time. It seems there has been a misunderstanding among you young ladies, and that Flora is not altogether pleased with the part you have taken."

"It is to see her in regard to that very matter, that I am here this morning," Mary said. "I know she blames me for having told Ellen Lee what I did. But in that I acted conscientiously. I did to another, as I would have another do to me. I acted towards Ellen, as I

would act towards Flora, were I to hear any one making statements that were calculated to injure her. The result, I think, should satisfy Flora, that I was right in doing what I have done. Ellen, it now appears, was entirely innocent of the charge made against her—as I knew she must be. Araminta Thomas, to whom the report has been traced, regrets extremely, that upon her hasty inferences, so serious a matter has grown up. She acknowledged that she only *inferred* that Ellen told an untruth. Flora took this inference for a direct assertion, and thence came the charge of falsehood against Ellen Gray. Has not, then, the result proved, that the course I took was the only right one? Does it now show, that I would have been guilty of a great wrong, if, to save the feelings of any one, I had left an innocent person to bear the imputation of wrong?"

"It certainly does, Mary. And Flora cannot but see it in the same light."

"And she will, surely, forgive me the pain I have occasioned her," resumed Mary, "seeing, that I had no selfish end to gain in what I did, but was moved only by the desire to vindicate injured innocence."

This appeal softened Flora's feelings towards Mary Lee. She saw that she was wrong and that Mary was right. Mary had been governed by a high-minded regard for right. Pride soon yielded.

"Mary," she said, taking her hand, while

the tears came into her eyes, "I confess that I have been wrong and you right. I shall not soon forget this lesson. Forgive the unkind thought I have had of you, and say to Ellen, from me, that I do most sincerely regret the part I have taken in this matter."

"Will I ever learn to be guarded in my remarks?" Flora said, to her aunt, after Mary had left them. "This is the third time I have been called to account for speaking of others, within the last few months."

"Never, I suppose," Mrs. Marion replied, "until you learn to guard your thoughts as well as your words. If, like Mary Lee, you were less disposed to give credence to every disparaging report circulated about others, you would need no guard placed over your tongue. It is from the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaketh. *A good man, out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth good things: and an evil man, out of the evil treasure, bringeth forth evil things.* Try and keep this in mind. If you are more ready to believe an evil than a good report of others, be sure that all is not right with you, and more especially, if you feel an inward pleasure in convicting them of wrong. A truly good mind is always grieved at improper conduct in others, and ever seeks to palliate, rather than to judge with severity. It gives but slow credence to evil reports. Truly regard the good of all around you, and there will be no need of placing a bridle on your tongue."

A GENTLE SPIRIT.

THERE are not many who can bear ridicule and the unkind criticisms with which their productions are sometimes met. It is much the better wisdom, however, to keep the mind unruffled, and the temper calm, it does no good to fret and be unhappy. The world is generally uncharitable and too often cruel and heartless; but the world will follow its own mood, be we pleased or angry—and surely it is better for ourselves to be as little moved as possible. Lamb has made a pleasant allusion in one of his admirable essays to a farce of his that was treated with signal indecorum. Hear him! what a sea of mimic ire he pours out!

"So I go creeping on since I was lamed with that cursed fall from off the top of Drury Lane theatre into the pit something more than a year ago. However, I have been free of the

house ever since, and the house was pretty free with me on that occasion. Hang 'em how they hissed! It was not a hiss either, but a sort of frantic yell like a congregation of mad geese, with roaring sometimes like bears, mows and mops like apes, sometimes snakes, that hissed me into madness. 'Twas like St. Anthony's Temptations. Mercy on us, that God should give his favorite children, men, mouths to speak with, to discourse rationally, to promise smoothly, to flatter agreeably, to encourage warmly, to council wisely, to sing with, to drink with, and to kiss with, and that they should turn them into mouths of wolves, hyenas, and whistle like tempests, and emit breaths through them like distillations of aspic poison, to asperse and vilify the innocent labors of their fellow creatures, who are desirous to please them."

For the Ladies' Magazine.

PSYCHOLOGY.

[THE following speculations on the nature of the soul, by a German writer, have been translated by a lady, and handed us for publication. We give them a place, as containing some curious ideas—true and false mixed together—that may interest a portion of our readers.]—ED.

PARACELSUS took as the basis of his speculations, theosophy; that is, a direct communication of the soul with God by means of illumination. The soul, resembling God, contains in its own depths all truth that man can know; it is full of sciences, but all these notions, all these divine characters are veiled or obscured. Consequently, it is not by the senses, by books, by reasoning, by factitious intelligence, that man can arrive at science; it is by retiring within himself, by withdrawing into the essential intelligence which is in the depths of his nature; there he perceives the truth, not actively, but passively, by divine illumination, of which purity of heart is the condition and prayer the means. It is there that he recognizes the plan of creation to be one, and consequently, that the universe, the great world, is made after the same model as man, or the little world, which is as its child. Man is a hidden world. God, who is life, has diffused life every where. All parts of the universe are full of souls, who, however, have not been gifted with intelligence, the privilege of man, created in the image of God. Souls

are enveloped in bodies or matter, which is in itself a dark and dead thing; between souls and bodies exists the spirit, a sort of fluid, which is the physical means of the universal life. The soul, the fluid, the body: such is the trinity of nature, which in some respects is a counterpart of the divine Trinity. In the same way man contains in himself three principles, three worlds, three heavens; the soul, by which he communicates with God or the archetypal world; the material body, which puts him in connexion with the elementary world; and the spiritual body, which, being formed of ethereal fluid, is in perpetual communication with the angelic-astral world.—This spiritual body, the fine envelope of the soul, reminds one of the subtle person of the Sankhya philosophy. The triple nature of man and the triple nature of the world being identical, there exists in man a force of attraction by which he aspires to the life of the world. He possesses, at first, a magnetic power, which draws from the elements the nourishment of his flesh and blood. There is also in him, a superior magnetism, which attracts the spiritual fluid, the principle of sensations and of worldly wisdom; and this magnetism is itself subordinated to the aspiration by which the soul is nourished from God. But, at the same time that he attracts all the forces of nature, man improves them in himself and recalls them all to God, the universal centre. Thus, the world is a flux and reflux of the divine life by means of man.

THERE are characters so utterly and so unconsciously false and hollow, that they seem like casts or impressions of men, similar to those figures of fossil shells in rock, where there is no remnant of the shell itself,—rather than real men, however mutilated and dwarfed. And some such are plausible, full-blown spectacles, on whom daylight and general opinion

shine flatteringly; while there shall be some crabbed, uncouth, unhappy fragment of genuine human life that the whole universe scowls on, yet in truth far worthier than the gaudy image which overshadows and scorns it. The one is but a glaring figure in nature's magic lantern; the other one of her misshapen, disinherited children.

For the Ladies' Magazine.

CHARLES DICKENS.

WILLIS, in his correspondence for the National Intelligencer, gives a few paragraphs about Dickens, which we copy below. The sketch of his appearance and manner at Macready's complimentary dinner, contrasted with what it was when Willis first saw him at Newgate, is very striking. It illustrates the man. It is just such a contrast as the difference of positions would have produced upon a weak, vain mind. Than Dickens, no one has more disappointed public expectation, or outraged that confidence which the public places in an author. His fine talents have been miserably prostituted to base purposes. From a writer, who had the power to hold the imagination spell-bound at will, he has nearly descended to the position of a villifier of a people who offered him a more flattering (though ill-judged) welcome, than was ever extended to any other man, except the great and good La Fayette, who has visited their country. His Notes on America, had some few redeeming qualities, outrageous as were the perversions of truth contained in their pages. The petty littleness of mind that prompted the conception of that book, was in itself some excuse. We may feel pity and contempt for any sudden ebullition of gall in a man disappointed thoroughly in some selfish end. But when, after reflection, he confirms, with something of maliciousness, his previous misstatements, adding to them baser perversions of truth, as Dickens has done in Martin Chuzzlewit, we can only despise him, and hold him unworthy to be ranked among honest, high-minded, honorable men. But hear Willis:

"I am very sorry to see by the English papers that Dickens has been 'within the rules of the Queen's Bench'—realizing the prophecy of pecuniary ruin which has for some time been whispered about for him. His splendid genius did not need the melancholy proof of improvidence, and he has had wealth so completely within his grasp that there seems a particular and unhappy needlessness in his ruin. The most of his misfortune is, he has lived so closely at the edge of his flood-tide of prosperity that the ebb leaves him at high-

water mark, and not in the contented ooze of supplied necessities where it first took him up. And, by the way, it was in that same low-water period of his life—just before he became celebrated—that I first saw Dickens; and I will record this phase of his *chrysalis*—('the tomb of the caterpillar and the cradle of the butterfly,' as Linnæus calls it,)—upon the chance of its being as interesting to future ages as such a picture would now be of the *ante-butterfly* of Shakspeare. I was following a favorite amusement of mine one rainy day in the Strand, London—strolling towards the more crowded thoroughfares with cloak and umbrella, and looking at people and shop-windows. I heard my name called from a passenger in a street-cab. From out the smoke of the wet straw peered the head of my publisher, Mr. Macrone—(a most liberal and noble-hearted fellow, since dead.) After a little catechism as to my damp destiny for that morning, he informed me that he was going to visit Newgate, and asked me to join him. I willingly agreed, never having seen this famous prison, and after I was seated in the cab, he said he was going to pick up, on the way, a young paragraphist for the Morning Chronicle who wished to write a description of it.—In the most crowded part of Holborn, within a door or two of the 'Bull and Mouth' inn, (the great starting and stopping-place of the stage-coaches,) we pulled up at the entrance of a large building used for lawyers' chambers. Not to leave me sitting in the rain, Macrone asked me to dismount with him. I followed by long flights of stairs to an upper story, and was ushered into an uncarpeted and bleak-looking room, with a deal table, and two or three chairs and a few books, a small boy and Mr. Dickens—for the contents. I was only struck at first with one thing—(and I made a memorandum of it that evening, as the strongest instance I had seen of English obsequiousness to employers)—the degree to which the poor author was overpowered with the honour of his publisher's visit! I remember saying to myself as I sat down on a rickety chair, 'My good fellow, if you were in America with that

fine face and your ready quill, you would have no need to be condescended to by a publisher!" Dickens was dressed very much as he has since described 'Dick Swiveller'—*minus* the 'swell' look. His hair was cropped close to his head, his clothes scant, though jauntily cut, and after changing a ragged office-coat for a shabby blue, he stood by the door, collarless and buttoned up, the very personification, I thought, of a close sailer to the wind. We went down and crowded into the cab (one passenger more than the law allowed, and Dickens partly in my lap and partly in Macrone's,) and drove on to Newgate. In his works, if you remember, there is a description of the prison, drawn from this day's observation. We were there an hour or two, and were shown some of the celebrated murderers confined for life, and one young soldier waiting for execution; and in one of the passages we chanced to meet Mrs. Fry, on her usual errand of benevolence. Though interested in Dickens's face, I forgot him naturally enough after we entered the prison, and I do not think I heard him speak during the two hours. I parted from him at the door of the prison, and continued my stroll into the city.

"Not long after this, Macrone sent me the 'sheets of Sketches by Boz,' with a note saying that they were by the gentleman who went with us to Newgate. I read the book with amazement at the genius displayed in it, and in my note of reply assured Macrone that I thought his fortune was made as a publisher if he could monopolize the author.

"Two or three years afterwards, I was in London, and present at the complimentary dinner given to Macready. Samuel Lover, who sat next me, pointed out Dickens. I looked up and down the table, but was wholly unable to single him out without getting my friend to number the people who sat above him. He was no more like the same man I had seen than a tree in June is like the same tree in February. He sat leaning his head on his hand while Bulwer was speaking, and with his very long hair, his very flash waistcoat, his chains and rings, and withal a much paler face than of old, he was totally unrecognizable. The comparison was very interesting to me, and I looked at him a long time.—He was then in his culmination of popularity, and seemed jaded to stupefaction. Remembering the glorious works he had written since I had seen him, I longed to pay him my homage, but had no opportunity, and I did not see him again till he came over to reap his harvest and upset his hay-cart in America.—When all the ephemera of his imprudences

and imprevi- dences shall have passed away—say twenty years hence—I should like to see him again, renowned as he will be for the most original and remarkable works of his time."

Let us add to this, by way of showing how Mr. Dickens begins to be estimated in his own country, some remarks from a late number of the *Westminster Review*. They are bitingly severe. Like the reviewer, we wonder that it did not occur to Mr. Dickens that the satire he was writing might tell against himself. "Was *he* only a Martin Chuzzlewit to the people of America, when they crowded to do him homage?" asks the English writer tersely and pertinently. Truly, was he not a Chuzzlewit? But hear the *Review*—

"But perhaps the greatest fault of 'Martin Chuzzlewit' is an unjust and ungenerous attack upon the people of the United States, in the shape of broad and bitter caricature. That a vast continent like America, somewhat twice the extent of Europe, should contain in its maritime cities a body of slanderers and swindlers is not very strange: were none to be found there, considering how many have been sent from our own shores, the fact would be much more extraordinary; but strange it is and new and unaccountable that such an observer as Mr. Dickens, travelling from Dan to Beersheba, should find all barren of goodness, and discover no other facts worth signalizing in a country, the rapid growth of which is without a parallel, than the knaveries of land-jobbers, and the abuses of a press conducted often by English editors.

"What a false idea of American shrewdness and sagacity as shown in their choice of eligible sites for new townships, one of which, in twenty years from the time of its foundation (Cincinnati,) contained a population of thirty thousand inhabitants, is given by Mr. Dickens, in his description of a new settlement in a swamp, which its land-shark-originators had denominated Eden! But a more serious fault in the work is the ungrateful return, (for ungrateful it must appear in the eyes of every American,) for the enthusiastic reception Mr. Dickens met with in the United States,—in an extravagant satire of their lion-hunting propensities. Martin, with no other recommendation than that of being a dupe, who, with the unconsciousness of a Peter Simple, is about to bury himself in a spot from which no one had returned alive, has his *levée* thronged from curiosity by the whole population from morning till night. We wonder it did not occur to Mr. Dickens that this satire might tell against himself. Was *he* only a Martin Chuz-

zlewit to the people of America when they crowded to do him homage? But in truth his claims to the distinction were of a higher character, and it might have occurred to Mr. Dickens that the universal recognition of those claims was a fact not less honorable to the Americans than to himself. The universality of his reputation in the United States said something for an universality of education of which he would in vain look for similar evidences nearer home. In what part of England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, would Mr. Dickens count an equal number of readers and admirers, relatively to the whole population, than he found in every city, town, and village of the United States? We are sorry Mr. Dickens has adopted this course; for it rarely under any circumstances, and in his case least of all, is expedient for an author to

seek materials for satire in other countries than his own. The good sought to be effected by it commonly fails, for even when the satire is perfectly just, it is received as only the offspring of national antipathies, which it never fails to increase; and are not surprised to see from the American journals that Mr. Dickens's attacks are treated as the mere ebullition of spleen consequent upon his want of success of obtaining an international law of copyright; his present writings will certainly not promote that object. We make these remarks more in sorrow than in anger—sorrow that they appear to us needed; but we really have felt angry at our monthly disappointments of pleasure from Mr. Dickens's last publication. We trust the source of much former gratification is not yet exhausted."

For the Ladies' Magazine.

MRS. ELLIS.

MR. EDITOR.—In reading the works of Mrs. Ellis—works which should be found upon the table of every woman, I meet with many true and beautiful thoughts that, like precious stones, may be removed from their setting, and still shine with equal brilliancy. I send you some of these for your "Ladies' Magazine," which you can use at your pleasure. I think you will find them worthy to glitter on your pages. I know they will do good; and to do good I trust is the high aim upon which you have fixed your eye. I will not introduce them by any particular remarks of my own, but set them before your fair readers, and let each one peruse them for herself, and indulge her own reflections.

"Not the foolish bird fluttering in the snares of the fowler; nor the flower that has burst into blushing beauty, on the morning of storms; nor the child that has stolen to the brink of the precipice to play, can be more melancholy objects of consideration, than an amiable and lovely woman, who is drawing from the fountains of vanity and love, her only sources of happiness and hope. And yet who speaks of her danger? Those who stand aloof in unassailed security, and have never known the insatiable thirst of pampered vanity, nor fallen into the snare of earthly love. Should the deluded creature awake in a sense of her own awful situation, who rushes to the rescue! She looks back upon her sister wo-

man, and the strong arm of malevolence and envy is put forth to urge her to destruction; to accelerate her fall. She leans upon her brother man, and he, more treacherous, but not less cruel, while he covers her with the garment of praise, and pours upon her head the oil of joy, at the same time places on her brow the poisoned chaplet, crying, "Peace, peace, where there is no peace." Like the priests of old, who with merriment and dance, and song, led forth the unconscious victim wreathed with flowers, to bleed upon the altar of sacrifice."

"Oh! it is a wearisome, heartless, and life-spending service, to live by the power of pleasing! The miner has his stated portion doled out to him, and digs in undisturbed security; and the galley-slave knows, while he toils at the oar, that the utmost stretch of his sinews, is all that his tyrant master can require; but the miserable child of genius, who feels that he must starve and shiver in the shade, or tax his talents, and sharpen his wit, and torture his sensibility, to purchase the genial smiles of patronage: may not his life be compared to the lingering death of the dolphin, whose dying agonies produce those beautiful varieties of colour, which astonish the delighted beholder?"

"Excitement is not the natural food of the human mind. It may for a while, give life to imagination, and quicken sensibility; but

like other stimulants, it is destructive both to the health of the body, and to the soundness of the mind; and like other stimulants, it leaves behind an aching void."

"Those who have never heard a name beloved, coupled with sin and shame, and trembling lest it might be justly too, have never tasted the true bitterness of the cup of misery."

"All other draughts may be sweetened; but this is beyond the power of flattery, for it does not reach the object—of hope, for the blackness of desolation has already fallen upon our Goshen—and of religion, for the more we love God, and delight in holiness, the more we linger after the stray sheep, and lament that the gates of paradise should be closed upon the lost one."

"There are those who shut themselves up in retirement, thinking that danger exists only in the pleasures of the world, and safety in their exclusion. But let them look well to the choice they have made, and ask, whether the evils of solitude may not be as offensive in the sight of their Creator as those of society. For themselves, they have an undoubted right, both to know, and to choose, what is best; but there are hearts that can bear witness to the sins of solitude; to the sins, and the sufferings too."

"Hearts, that have been weighed down with the leaden stupor of melancholy, until every affection was swallowed up in self, every feeling lost in the ocean of misery, from whence no gentle dew is exhaled, as an offering of gratitude to heaven."

"Ah! that we could always compel ourselves to institute a strict, impartial, and thorough investigation, into the causes of our unhappiness. That we would make an enquiry which admits of no tampering, why we are not, as the merciful Author of our being designed we should be, numbering our blessings, and counting the favors which his gracious hand bestows upon us? Would not such an enquiry produce the conviction, that we are not giving up the whole heart to him, who has an undoubted right to rule over it? That we are making no better than a conditional covenant, that; if he will grant us some particular request, we will then serve him; or, turning to idols of perishable clay, which in a single moment may be broken into fragments at our feet."

"Let not those who make great sacrifices

to duty, be led on by the hope of immediate reward. When a limb is severed from the human body, the first terrible stroke is not all that has to be borne; there are after seasons of pain and suffering, that must, inevitably, be endured: and when an idol of clay is broken in the dust, it requires time for humbling reflection, before its votaries can be convinced of the reality."

"Those who would devote themselves to the service of their fellow-creatures, must be prepared for many an ungrateful return—for many a heart-rending repulse; to which, nothing but the consciousness of being about their Master's business, can reconcile the sensitive mind. Those who would save a sufferer from death, must often present an unwelcome draught to lips that loathe its bitterness; and those who would save a soul from sin, must bear with that rebellious soul in all its struggles to return; *for it is not by one tremendous effort that the bonds of earthly passion can be broken.* The work in which they are engaged, is a work of patience, not of triumph; and there must be long seasons of painful endurance, of watchfulness, and prayer, which nothing but a deep and devoted love to the heavenly Father, whose service they are engaged in, can possibly enable them to sustain."

"Oh! that women would be faithful to themselves! It makes the heart bleed to think that these high-souled beings, who stand forth in the hour of severe and dreadful trial, armed with a magnanimity that knows no fear; with enthusiasm that has no sordid alloy; with patience that would support a martyr; with generosity that a patriot might be proud to borrow; and feeling that might shine as a wreath of beauty, over the temples of a dying saint;—it makes the heart bleed to think, that the noble virtue of woman's character should be veiled, and obscured, by the taint of weak vanity, and lost in the base love of flirtation; making herself the mockery of the multitude, instead of acting the simple and dignified part of the friend, the wife, or the mother; degrading her own nature, by flaunting in the public eye the semblance of affection, which its sweet soul is wanting;—polluting the altar of love by offering up the ashes of a wasted heart. Oh! woman, woman! thousands have been beguiled by this thy folly, but thou hast ever been the deepest sufferer!"

EDITOR'S TABLE.

It is but natural that our readers should expect to hear a word from us, now that we have assumed the task of catering for their entertainment and instruction. We, therefore, in concluding our labors for the month, appear before them, as in duty bound, to hold a little converse on matters and things in general. And first, as to what may be expected of us as editor of "THE LADIES' MAGAZINE." On this subject we could say a good deal; and promise very freely. But we will not be too liberal in our pledges, for fear we might happen to offer more than can be accomplished. Then there would be just grounds for taking any future promises with sundry grains of allowance. We do intend, however, and that intention shall be fully carried out, to make the "LADIES' MAGAZINE" worthy to lie upon the table of every American woman.

For this number of the work, we cannot but fairly ask a little indulgence. Only ten days were left from the time we consented to take entire control of its pages, until it was to be laid, fresh from the press, upon the counter of the publishers. This was necessary, because, owing to circumstances fully stated in the prospectus, which will be found on the cover, there had occurred a delay in regard to the February number, which it was necessary should not be prolonged a day beyond the middle of the month. Of course, but little time remained for the preparation, reception, or careful selection of articles. Still, amid all this haste, we have been able to present a number of our work, which, if not perfect, will be found by no means deficient in interest. Indeed, in laying it beside other works of the month, we are not much concerned about the comparisons that may happen to be made. In preparing our March number, which we have promised punctually on the first of the month, we shall, of course, have but little more time. That, however, shall be well filled up. After the issue for March, our work will appear as early as any other magazine.

To our cotemporaries, we offer, in a sincere spirit, the right hand of fellowship. We pledge them a fair, open, honorable competition for excellence. The world is wide—wide enough for us all, and we may expand therein to our hearts' content, without crushing in each others' ribs, or stopping the free circulation of the healthy, vitalizing blood in our veins. If we can make a better book than they can, we shall most certainly do it—though, to accomplish this, we are well assured that we shall have our hands full. But we will try; and even if we should not succeed in suddenly eclipsing either

of our friends Godey or Graham, there will not be much disgrace attached to the failure. Eminent success has given them the command of enlarged facilities, which they use with a liberal and judicious hand. A competition for true excellence with them is, therefore, a bold one; but we enter upon it with a firm heart, and a spirit of indomitable perseverance. What we lack at first in extended facilities, we shall strive to make up by increased labor, industry, and a careful winnowing of the wheat from the chaff, so as to offer nothing that shall not be good and true; and beautiful because good and true. At each renewed visit to our friends, we shall endeavor to come freighted with food for the mind, that, while it is pleasant to the taste, shall not lie in the stomach as a crude, nightmare-producing mass, but be freely digested, and, passing into the blood, be carried to every organ and member, and so give health and vigor to the whole internal man. In doing this, we know that our task will be attended with many difficulties. We shall have to guard our pages with a watchful care. Too few of the many writers of fine endowments, whose province it is to prepare mental food, look with a conscientious eye to the quality of that food. If it have attractiveness for any appetite, even though it be not a healthy one, and brings them a reward of fame or money, their end is attained. This renders the difficulty of our position, anxious as we are to set before our readers only a healthy repast, the more embarrassing. And it will, doubtless, sometimes happen, as in the present number, that an article will be approved for publication, not because it is all the editor could wish it, but because the best accessible to him at the moment when matter had to be chosen. As we go on, however, and extend our facilities, and get our contributors fully to understand us, we shall have fewer difficulties of this kind to encounter.

If those whose calling it is to write for the public would aim higher, they would write better. The less selfish a man's ends are, the more easily can he attain excellence, for then his mind is opened inwardly to its higher, purer, and holier regions, where ideas first come into consciousness. Let any man, who is an author by profession, resist and put away from himself, as far as he can do so, merely selfish ends when he goes to write, and steadily keep before his mind some good to his fellows, and he will find fields of beauty opening to him, over whose bosom are spread sweet flowers of perennial bloom, of which he had never dreamed. He will find that he has been lingering by the way side,

plucking here and there a gaudy flower, quick-fading and perfumeless, while just beyond was a boundless region, over which bent skies of sunny brightness, whose atmosphere was delicious and health-giving, and whose earth brought forth with perpetual, ever-varying, and infinite abundance. What makes a true painter or a sculptor? That profound love of the good, the true and beautiful in his art, which nothing can tempt from its high purpose. Could the mere love of reward or fame lead him on to perfection? No! For these would turn his eyes downwards, not upwards, from whence are all beautiful forms. As well might a child attempt to dance gracefully in clogs, as a painter or a sculptor aspire after true excellence, with his feet held fast in the tenacious clay of self-love and self-worship. And just so of the author. If the fire that burns upon his altar be kindled by a base affection, it may throw light around, but it will not be a clear, bright, and guiding light, by which the traveler in benighted ways may see clearly the path he is seeking. It will be the candle that attracts the silly moth; not the clear sun-light, gilding the mountain-tops, and opening up the dark vallies, until even their hidden dells and tangled ravines are exposed to view.

Who, then, would not aspire to the nobler province of the sun? Who would be a little rushlight, around which fluttering moths dance in disordered measure, ever and anon burning their wings, and perishing in the false flame that has allured them? To one, to all of our American authors, we say—aim high! Light your torches at the altar from whence comes all genuine inspiration. Fear not that in aiming to do good, you will sink into tameness, or dullness. Whence comes the infinite variety spread all around you? The wonderful beauty of earth, and sea, and sky? Whence comes even the power of thought? From Him who is infinite goodness itself. Take your fires then from His altar. Imitate Him in his works, all of which have use to man as an end, and like all that proceeds from Him, your powers will be ever and ever renewed with increasing variety, vigor, beauty, and power to hold captive the hearts of all.

FREDERIKA BREMER! How natural it is that this name should come into our mind, after the utterance of such thoughts as the above. Is Miss Bremer less popular, because her aim is to do good? No! It is this very thing that gives life and freshness to her admirable works, and covers up or excuses their blemishes. Already she is known and loved throughout Sweden, Germany, England and America. Her name is a household word—the talisman, whose utterance brings up beautiful images before the mind, and makes the heart love goodness for its own sake. In reading a book, the first thing after admiration and pleasure, if these are awakened, is a desire to know something of the author. Who has not felt, with a peculiar activity, this desire in regard to the author of "The Neighbors"?—No one who is at all familiar with her works. How eagerly would an autobiography, fresh from her pen, be read. And such, thanks to the German publisher of her works! we have—brief

though it be, and referring more to her inner, than to her outward life. A translation of this has been given in the Democratic Review. From thence it has been copied into some of the newspapers. But this will not prevent us from placing it upon our pages, for if there be but a single lover of Miss Bremer among our readers who has not seen it, to that reader we owe the pleasure of its perusal. And certain we are, that there are but few who glanced over it in the pages of a newspaper, who will not be glad to find it here: and who will not go over it again and again.

To Mr. Brockhaus, Leipsic:

HONORED SIR: Your letter has awakened in me feelings of gratitude and pleasure, which would gladly find occupation in complying with your wish, that I should communicate to you something of my life and the course of my education. But this has its difficulties, as I can only slightly allude to the events of my inner life, while just *in* these lies the principal part of my history.

Hereafter, when I no more belong to earth, I should love to return to it as a spirit, and impart to men the deepest of that which I have suffered and enjoyed, lived and loved. And no one need fear me; should I come in the midnight hour to a striving and unquiet spirit, it would be only to make it more quiet, its night-lamp burn more brightly, and myself its friend and sister.

In the meantime, any benevolent eye may cast a glance through the curtain which conceals the outward circumstances of a life by no means important or extraordinary, and see simply that I was born on Anna's street, and had for my god-fathers a pretty good number of the academicians of Abo; and from this fact, if the beholder have the gift of the second-sight, he may trace an effect which I will not here dwell upon. At the age of three years, I was taken from my home in Finland, and have retained of this period only one solitary recollection; this is of a word, a mighty name; in the depths of heathenism, the Finnish people pronounced it in fear and love, and they speak it still with the same feelings, though ennobled by Christianity; and I often think I hear his word in the thunder of Thor, as he strides over the trembling earth, or in the lonely wind that refreshes and consoles it: that word is *Tumela*.*

If you will kindly go with me from the soil of Finland to that of Sweden, where my father became a landed proprietor, after he had disposed of his estates in Finland, I will not trouble you to accompany me further into my childhood and youth, amidst the superabundance of inner chaotic elements, or the outward circumstances of a family presenting nothing unusual or especially interesting; who traveled every autumn in a covered carriage from their estate in the country to their dwelling in the capital; and every spring, from their dwelling in the capital to their estate in the country. This family contained young daughters, who drew in crayons, played sonatas, and sung ballads, educating them-

* The Finnish word for God.

selves in every way that can be thought of, looking longingly towards the future to see and to perform miracles. In humility, I must confess I always thought of myself as a warlike heroine.

And you may glance again at that family circle, and find them collected in the large parlor of their country dwelling, listening to readings; and if it please you, remark the impression which some of the literary stars of Germany produce upon one of those daughters. If that one could die from violent emotion, she would have fallen stone dead from the chair at the reading of Schiller's *Don Carlos*; or to speak more accurately, had she abandoned herself to her emotion, she had been suddenly dissolved in a flood of tears. But she survived this danger, and lived to learn much of the country which may be justly called the heart of Europe, and from whose rich fountains of culture she yet derives nourishment.

Would you look more deeply into the soul? See, then, how a thick earthly reality gradually spread its dark cover of clouds over her splendid youthful dreams; how twilight surprised the wanderer early on her way; how anxiously, yet how in vain she sought to escape from it. The air is darkened as by a thick fall of snow; the darkness increases; it becomes night. And in this deep, endless winter night, she hears complaining voices from the East and from the West; from a dying nature, and from despairing humanity; and she sees life, with all its love and beauty, buried, with its loving, beating heart beneath cold beds of ice. Heaven is dark and empty; there is no eye there, and no heart. All is dead or dying except sorrow.

Perhaps you have noticed the significant figures with which all deeper mythologies begin. We see in the beginning a light and warm divine principle losing itself in darkness and fog; and from this empire of light and darkness, fire and tears, a God is conceived. I believe something similar happens to every one who is born to a deeper life; and something similar happened to her who writes these lines.

If you see her a few years later, you will find that a great change has taken place. You will see the eye, so long moistened with tears, beam with unspeakable joy. She has arisen, as from the grave, to a new life. What has caused this change? Have her splendid youthful dreams been realized? Has she become a warlike heroine, victorious in beauty, love, or reputation? No, nothing of all this. Her youthful illusions have vanished, her season of youth is passed. Yet she is now young again; for in the depths of her soul, freedom has arisen; over the dark chaos, a "Let there be light" has been pronounced, the light has penetrated the darkness, and illuminated her also. Her eyes steadily directed towards that, she has said, amidst tears of joy, "Death, where is thy sting; O grave, where is thy victory!" The grave has opened since then, and torn away many whom she tenderly loved. She has felt, and yet feels, the sting of many a grief; but her heart beats freshly yet. The dark night has disappeared, but not its fruit; for as certain flowers open only at night, so, often in the dark hours of a

great sorrow, the human soul first opens to the light of the eternal stars.

Perhaps you wish to hear something of my authorship. This commenced in the eighth year of my age, when I apostrophized the moon in the French verses:

"O corps celeste' de la nature!"

And for a long time I continued to write in the same sublime spirit, the reading of which I will spare my enemies, if such I have. I wrote under the influence of unquiet, youthful feelings, without design, as the waves leave their traces on the shore. I wrote to write. Afterwards, I took up the pen from different motives, and wrote what you have read.

Now, as I stand on the verge of the autumn of my life, I see the same objects which surrounded me in my first spring days, and am happy in possessing still, amid many loved ones, a beloved mother and sister. The meadows about our dwelling, upon which Gustavus Adolphus reviewed his troops before he went as a deliverer to Germany, appear more beautiful now than they did to the eyes of my childhood; indeed, they have gained in interest, for I am now better acquainted with their grasses and flowers.

With respect to the future, I cherish only the solitary wish to complete what I have undertaken. If I succeed in this, I shall consider myself as less unworthy of the great kindness which has been shown me; and the good and honest, whose approbation has inspired me, must thank themselves for the greater part. I thank you, sir, most heartily. Receive this expression of my sentiments towards yourself and your countrymen also, and be assured of the esteem and gratitude of

FREDERIKA BREMER.

NEW WORKS.

LOVE AND MONEY; AN EVERY-DAY TALE. BY MARY HOWETT. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1844. This is another of those practical, moral stories, written to do good, which have become, of late so popular. The name of Mrs. Howett is sufficient to introduce it to public favor. It forms one of the series of Appleton's "Tales for the People and their Children."

SONGS AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. BY BARRY CORNWALL. New York, Willis, Morris, & Co. 1844. In a double extra number of the *New Mirror*, we have nearly two hundred of Barry Cornwall's (Mr. Proctor's) songs and miscellaneous poems. There are but few lovers of poetry who are not familiar with many of these songs—As, with

"The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!"

or, with

"King death was a rare old fellow!
He sat where no sun could shine,
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal black wine;"

and they will feel especially obliged to the publishers

for having made so full a collection of them, in so cheap a form.

HARPERS' ILLUMINATED PICTORIAL BIBLE.—In this age of pictorials, nothing half so rich as the Harpers' Pictorial Bible has made its appearance. Certainly, the book they have chosen to get out in such splendid style, is, of all others, most worthy of a handsome exterior. One of the best wood engravers in the country has been engaged on the illustrations for many years, and has produced specimens of his art of a very high order. This Bible

will be published in fifty numbers, at twenty-five cents each. Ten thousand copies of the first number were taken off, as an edition large enough to meet the demand that would probably arise; but these went off in a few days. Thirty thousand copies, we are now informed, will not be sufficient to supply the orders that come flowing in from all quarters. It would, therefore, be well for those who wish to take the work, to commence at once. The earliest impressions of each number will be much better than those taken from the plates after some forty or fifty thousand copies have been printed.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

ON referring to the prospectus of this Magazine, which will be found on the cover, it will be seen that a change of proprietors has taken place, and that the work is, likewise, under different editorial auspices than those announced in the January number of the present volume. The reasons for this change, as stated on the cover, arose from the fact of the former proprietor having been chosen by the people to fill a high and responsible public office, the arduous duties of which absorb his whole attention. For some months past, pressing calls upon his time prevented his devoting that care to the Magazine which its interests required; this will account for the want of punctuality in the appearance of many recent numbers; a defect, which it will be our first care to remedy. The late day at which the present proprietors took charge of the Magazine, has prevented their getting the February number ready before the middle of the month. But, when they state, that they assumed the publication of the work on the 5th of the month, and got up the entire number by the 15th—ten days—it will give to the mind of the reader a confidence that lost time will soon be reclaimed, and that future punctuality may be de-

pended upon. The March number is in preparation, and may be looked for promptly on the first of the ensuing month. After that, our distant subscribers may expect to receive their numbers as early as they receive those of any other magazines.

EMBELLISHMENTS.—We present our readers in this number with a beautiful engraving—**THE WOODMAN**—from an original picture by Chapman. It speaks for itself. Also, with a pleasant sketch, a novelty by the way, substituted for a fashion plate, which could not, in the very short time allowed us, be gotten up. Hereafter, we design giving, in each number of the Magazine, one good steel plate, and a print of fashions. The latter will be carefully arranged by one skilled in such delicate matters.

PREMIUMS FOR SUBSCRIBERS.—Please refer to our list of premiums on the cover.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

It is the fruit of waking hours
When others are asleep,
When moaning round the low thatch'd roof
The winds of winter creep.

It is the fruit of summer days
Past in a gloomy room,

When others are abroad to taste
The pleasant morning bloom.

'Tis given from a scanty store
And miss'd while it is given:
'Tis given—for the claims of earth
Are less than those of heaven.





's Bell I hear, has got a dear,
 exactly to her mind,
 sitting at the window pane,
 without a bit of blind;
 at I go in the Balcony,
 which she has never done,
 it arts that thrive at number five,
 out take at Number One.

NUMBER ONE.

'Tis hard with plenty in
 And plenty pa'sing by,
 There's nice young men at
 But ble's me, they're so
 And M^{rs} Smith acro's the
 Has got a grown up son,
 But as he hardly seems to
 There is a Number One



